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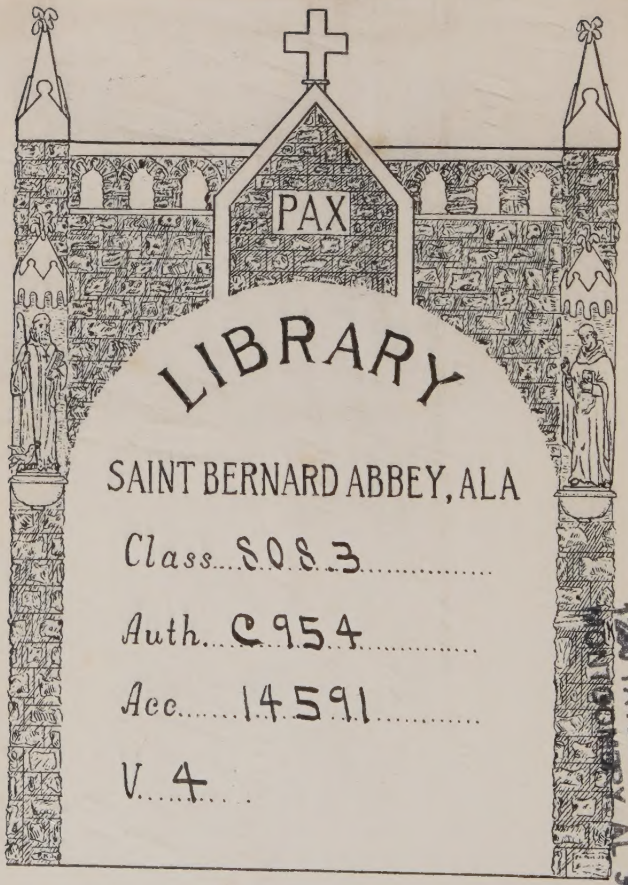

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ONE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS CONDENSED

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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

One Hundred Best Novels Condensed

Edited By
EDWIN A. GROZIER

Assisted by
CHARLES E. L. WINGATE and CHARLES H. LINCOLN

Fully Illustrated

IN FOUR VOLUMES
VOLUME FOUR

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One hundred best novels condensed

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
MCMXX

ONE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS CONDENSED

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ONE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS CONDENSED

STOWE

HARRIET BEECHER was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1811. She came of a family which achieved large reputation. Her father was Lyman Beecher, a militant clergyman, and her best-known brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was one of the preacher-orators of his time. In 1836 she married another clergyman, Calvin Stowe.

Her inheritance and her sympathies were all toward the cause of anti-slavery. Her life in Cincinnati, on the borderland of free and slave territory, gave her an insight into the peculiar institution such as few Northerners possessed. The wife of a poor minister, occupied with the care of a large family, with little literary training, she seemed the last person to electrify the world and achieve a lasting historical importance. Yet probably none of the great names associated with the cause of anti-slavery did more to force the issue than the minister's wife. In 1852 there issued from Brunswick, Maine, where her husband had become a professor at Bowdoin College, the famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; within five years over half a million copies had been sold. How many million people have

since read the book or seen the vast variety of plays based on it, no man can tell.

Mrs. Stowe wrote, later, "Dred," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Old Town Folks," and other books, but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was her great work. It was written with knowledge of the subject and with a noble purpose; the sincerity of the author and a spark of native genius created an effect that few other books have ever attained; the scene is true to life; the characters have remained alive long years after the circumstances which gave them birth have passed away. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is part of the world's history of the struggle toward freedom.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Condensation by
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IT was in the days when African slavery flourished under the free skies of America. Evil times had befallen the house of Shelby, and pressing debt required the sacrifice of a portion of the holdings of the Kentucky planter in human chattels. Uncle Tom, instead of the freedom that had been promised him as the reward of a lifetime of devoted service, found himself torn from wife, home, and children, transferred to the hands of an unscrupulous trader, and consigned to the terror-ridden slave-markets of the lower Mississippi. So trusted had the black man been that numerous avenues of escape lay open to him. Of one of these, in the dead of winter, over the ice-bound waters of the Ohio River, by the "underground" to Sandusky, and thence to freedom in Canada, the

mulatto-girl Eliza, and her son, who had been sold at the same time, had availed themselves. But Tom's fidelity to his master was too strong, and, fearing to involve him infurther difficulties, he bravely faced the miseries of the future.

"I am in the Lord's hands," said he to those who tried to persuade him to escape, "and there'll be the same God there that there is here."

"Well, it's a nasty mean shame, Tom!" sobbed his master's son George, as he bade the old slave farewell. "But remember—some day I'll come down and buy you back."

The voyage down the Mississippi with the slave-gang to which Tom was attached was filled with scenes and episodes of woe and tragedy, but Tom found relief from sorrow in the companionship of a fellow-passenger, a fairy-like little girl, full of the smiling spirit of play, who, fascinated by Tom's unusual dexterity in the making of strange toys dear to the hearts of children, clung to him as to an old and beloved friend.

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked one day.

"I dunno, missy," said Tom. "Reckon

I'm gwine to be sold to somebody—but I dunno who."

"Well, my father can buy you," said she, "and I'll ask him to this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," smiled Tom, gratefully.

And his "little lady" she soon became, for the brave black won little Eva's life back from the swirling waters of the Mississippi into which she had fallen, and in sheer gratitude for her deliverance the child's father, Augustine St. Clare, bought him from the trader.

The scene now changes to New Orleans, where in a beautiful home, in daily comradeship with his little mistress, Tom for a time was happy. St. Clare, his new master, was kindly and sympathetic, and while of an easy-going disposition, a dawning consciousness of the iniquity of slavery had come into his soul, a consciousness confirmed and accentuated by his daily contemplation of the nobility of heart of the faithful Tom. Two years of this unlooked-for happiness passed away, and once more Tom was face to face with misfortune. His flower-like little companion, growing daily more and more fragile, herself in spite of her years envisaging and

depressed by the wickedness of the system of slavery which not only destroyed the souls of the oppressed, but debased the character of the oppressors, finally died. Heartbroken over his loss, St. Clare found comfort only in the companionship of the equally heartbroken Tom, and one day in a sudden surge of gratitude he promised the old man his freedom, but the light of joy that shone in Tom's face when he heard the promise disconcerted him.

"You haven't had such a bad time here that you should be glad to leave me," he said, sadly.

"'Tain't leavin' ye, Marse St. Clare," said Tom, "it's bein' free that I'm a-joyin' in."

But it was not to be. The easy-going nature of St. Clare caused him to delay Tom's emancipation papers, and one night, trying to separate two drunken brawlers intent upon killing each other, St. Clare was himself stabbed to death; and in the settlement of his estate Tom once more found himself at the auction-block, to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

Enter now one Simon Legree, a master of far different type from Shelby and St. Clare.

A brute and a drunkard. A beast whose glance was an insult to womanhood. A fiend who prided himself upon his inflexible brutality, and with brutish satisfaction showed, to all who would look, his knuckles calloused with the blows he had inflicted upon the helpless. To him by virtue of length of purse fell Tom, who now tasted the tragic dregs of the cup of slavery. The manifest contrast between his own crass brutality and the high-minded character of his chattel aroused the envious wrath of his new owner, who endeavored by every wicked expedient possible to break Tom's spirit and his unalterable faith in divine guidance and protection. Furtively he watched him at work, hoping to find a flaw, but in vain; but one day he found the way. He ordered Tom to flog a woman-slave who was guiltless of the shortcoming attributed to her, and for the first time in his career Legree was denied. Tom refused. Legree's answer was a blow upon Tom's cheek.

"What?" he roared in his rage. "Ye dare tell me ye won't, ye blasted black beast?"

"I'll die first," Tom replied, simply.

"Well, here's a pious dog—a saint—a gentleman!" sneered Legree. "Didn't ye

never read in your Bible, '*Servants obey your masters'?* And ain't I your master Didn't I pay twelve hundred dollars cash for ye, and ain't ye mine, body and soul?"

"No, Marse Legree," replied Tom, through the tears and blood that coursed down his cheeks. "*My soul ain't yours! It's been bought and paid for by One that is able to keep it.* Ye may kill my body, but ye can't harm my soul."

Now, according to the nature of his kind, Legree was superstitious, and while his hatred increased, he began to fear in the presence of his fearless possession. In Tom's presence what passed for a conscience was aroused within him. Some of the unspeakable crimes of which in his lustful gratifications, and through his murderous instincts, he had been guilty began to prey upon him. Dark things had happened in the decayed old mansion in which Legree dwelt, and in common with the ignorant blacks by whom he was surrounded Legree began to have fears, accentuated by the delirium of drink, of impending visitations by ghosts. Taking advantage of these fears, his one-time mistress, Cassie, a woman of subtle powers, herself a slave, conspired with Emmaline, an

attractive mulatto whom Legree was endeavoring to install in her place, to destroy his peace of mind, and ultimately himself by means of wraithful appearances and weird sounds in the garret of the old mansion. Pretending to escape through the swamps, eluding their pursuers, they returned to the house and lay hid there for days, working their soul-stirring stratagem upon the worried Legree. Legree at the head of a pursuing party made up of negroes and bloodhounds sought the missing women in the swamps and forests by which his isolated plantation was surrounded, but in vain; and in the rage of failure, believing him to have been party to the escape, he turned upon Tom.

"Well, ye black beast," he roared, in a paroxysm of baffled rage, "I've made up my mind to kill ye."

"Very likely, Marse Legree," replied Tom, calmly.

"Unless ye tell me what ye know about these yer gals," said Legree.

"I hain't got nothin' to tell, Marse," said Tom.

"Don't ye dare tell me that ye don't know, ye old black Christian," cried Legree in angry contempt, striking him furiously.

"Yes—I *know*, Marse," said Tom, "but I can't tell anything. *I can die.*"

"Hark ye, Tom," roared Legree, in a terrible voice, "this time I mean what I say. I'll conquer ye or I'll kill ye! I'll count every drop of blood in your body till ye give up."

"Marse," said Tom, "if you was sick, or in trouble, or dyin', and it would save ye, I'd give ye my heart's blood, and if takin' every drop of blood in this poor old body of mine would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely as the Lord gave His for me. Do the worst ye can. My troubles will soon be over, but if ye don't repent, *yours won't never end!*"

For a moment Legree stood aghast, awed into silence by Tom's absolutely fearless reliance upon his faith, but only for a moment. There was one hesitating pause, and the spirit of evil within him, defied, rose with sevenfold vehemence. Foaming with rage, he struck his victim to the ground and gave him over to be flogged to ribbons.

"Pay away until he gives up!" shouted Legree, as the floggers led him away.

Two days later George Shelby, Tom's boy-friend from Kentucky, now grown to

manhood, appeared to fulfil his promise of redemption, but he came too late. Tom lay dying of his wounds.

"I've come to take you home," said George, tears falling from his eyes as he bent over his old friend.

"Bless the Lord—it's Marse George!" cried Tom, as he opened his eyes, bewildered. "*They haven't forgot me! They haven't forgot me!* Now, I shall die content."

At this moment Legree sauntered in and looked on carelessly.

"The old Satan!" cried George, in his indignation. "It's a comfort to think the devil will pay him for this some of these days."

"Hush, Marse George!" said Uncle Tom. "Don't feel so. He 'ain't done me no real harm—*only opened the gates of heaven for me—that's all.*"

The sudden flush of strength died away. A sense of sinking came over him and he cosed his eyes. His broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he whispered in a voice that contended with mortal weakness, and with a smile on his lips he fell asleep.

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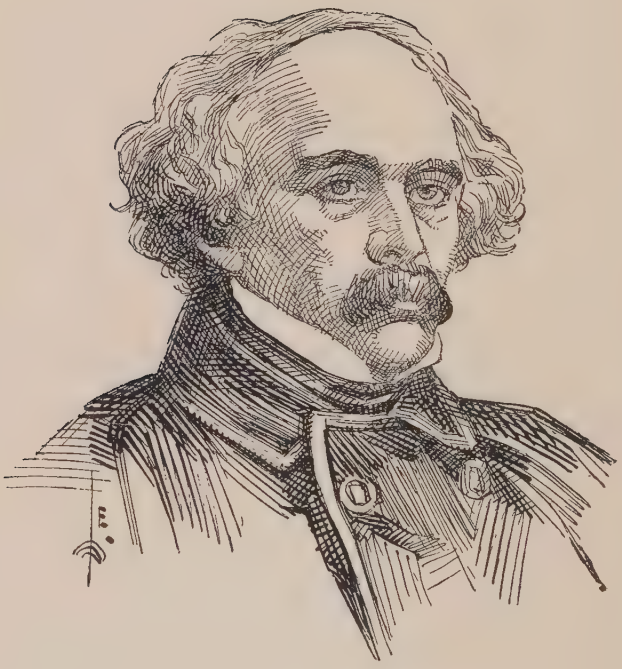
"Witness, Eternal God," said George Shelby, as he knelt beside the body of his departed friend, "oh, witness from this hour, *I will do what one man can do to drive out this curse of slavery from my land.*"

Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

HAWTHORNE

AFTER a residence of about four years at Concord, Hawthorne moved again to Salem, where he had been appointed as surveyor of the custom-house at that port. He filled the position until a change of administration led to his retirement. He seems to have written little during his official term; but, having some leisure, he read much and pondered over subjects for future stories.

While at the custom-house he found, among some old papers, a large letter "A" embroidered on red cloth, and, speculating upon the origin and history of the letter, his imagination was so stirred that, upon his retirement from office, he wrote "The Scarlet Letter."

Hawthorne was for years the most obscure of American writers, though he gradually acquired many quiet admirers. His first recognition came from England, where his genius was discovered by Henry F. Chorly, one of the editors of the "Athenæum." But the powerful romance of "The Scarlet Letter" set at rest at once any doubt there may have been as to the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

His shorter stories are remarkable for their

originality. But in some of the longer stories he showed how deeply he pondered the great problems of life, in depicting the characters which move through his works.

He inherited the gravity of his Puritan ancestors, and was said to be "a great anatomist of the human heart."

THE SCARLET LETTER

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by
GEORGE S. BARTON

ONE summer morning over two centuries ago the grass-plot before the jail in Prison Lane was occupied by many of the inhabitants of Boston. The door opened and the town beadle appeared, followed by a young woman carrying a baby about three months old. On the breast of her gown, in red cloth, appeared the letter A, and it was that scarlet letter which drew all eyes toward her.

The place appointed for her punishment was not far from the prison door, and in spite of the agony of her heart, Hester Prynne passed with almost a serene deportment to the scaffold where the pillory was set up, and under the weight of a thousand unrelenting eyes the unhappy prisoner sustained herself as best a woman might.

A small, intelligent appearing man on the outskirts of the crowd attracted Hester's attention, and he in his turn eyed her till, seeing that she seemed to recognize him, he laid his finger on his lips.

Then, speaking to a townsman, he said, "I pray you, good sir, who is this woman, and wherefore is she here set up to public shame?"

"You must needs be a stranger, friend," said the townsman, "else you would have heard of Mistress Hester Prynne. She hath raised a great scandal in godly Master Dimmesdale's church. The penalty thereof is death, but the magistracy, in their mercy, have doomed her to stand a space of three hours on the platform of the pillory, and for the remainder of her life to wear a mark of shame in her bosom."

"A wise sentence!" remarked the stranger. "It irks me, nevertheless, that the partner of her iniquity should not at least stand by her side. But he will be known—he will be known!"

The Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale, a young minister of high native gifts, who had already wide eminence in his profession, was urged to exhort Hester to repentance and confession.

Addressing her, he advised that she name her fellow-sinner even if he had to step from a high position to stand beside her, for it was better so than to hide a guilty heart through life.

Hester shook her head, keeping her place upon the pedestal of shame with an air of weary indifference.

That night her child writhed in convulsions, and a physician, Mr. Roger Chillingworth, none other than the stranger Hester had noticed in the crowd, was called. Having eased the baby's pain, he turned and said: "Hester, I ask not wherefore thou hast fallen into the pit. It was my folly and thy weakness. What had I—a man of thought—to do with youth and beauty like thine? I might have known that in my long absence this would happen."

"I have greatly wronged thee," murmured Hester.

"We have wronged each other," he answered. "But I shall seek this man whose name thou wilt not reveal, and sooner or later he must be mine. I shall contrive nothing against his life. Let him live. One thing, thou that wast my wife, I ask. Thou hast kept his name secret. Keep likewise,

mine. Let thy husband be to the world as one already dead, and breathe not the secret, above all to the man thou wottest of."

"I will keep thy secret, as I have his."

Freed from prison, Hester did not flee, but established herself in a small cottage just outside the town, incurring no risk of want, for she possessed the art of needlework, which provided food for herself and child. She had named the little one "Pearl," as being of great price, and little Pearl grew up a lovely child. People wished to take her away, and the matter was discussed in the mother's presence by Governor Bellingham and his guests—Rev. John Wilson, Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale, and Doctor Chillingworth.

"God gave me the child!" cried Hester, and turning to the young clergyman, Mr. Dimmesdale, she exclaimed: "Speak thou for me. Thou wast my pastor. Thou knowest what is in my heart and what are a mother's rights, and how much the stronger they are when that mother has but her child and the scarlet letter! I will not lose the child! Look to it!"

"There is truth in what she says," began the minister. "There is a quality of awful sacredness between this mother and this

child. It is good for this poor, sinful woman that she hath an infant confided to her care —to be trained by her to righteousness. Let us leave them as Providence hath seen fit to place them!"

"You speak, my friend, with a strange earnestness," said Roger Chillingworth, smiling at him.

"He hath adduced such arguments that we will even leave the matter as it now stands," said the governor. The affair being so satisfactorily concluded, Hester and Pearl departed.

Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale's health failing, he consulted Doctor Chillingworth. Taking him as a patient, the doctor decided to know the man's inmost nature before trying to heal him. Arrangements were made for the two men to lodge together so that he might be constantly under the doctor's observation.

As Doctor Chillingworth proceeded with his investigation, begun, as he imagined, with the integrity of a judge desirous only of truth, a terrible fascination seized him and insisted that he do its bidding. He now dug into the poor clergyman's heart, like a miner seeking gold; and Mr. Dimmesdale grew to look at him with an unaccountable horror.

Often Mr. Dimmesdale tried to speak the truth of his past from the pulpit, but had cheated himself by confessing his sinfulness in general terms. Once, indulging in the mockery of repentance, he mounted the scaffold where Hester had stood. There was no danger of discovery, for every one was asleep. Even so he was surprised by Hester and Pearl, returning from a death-bed in the town, and presently by Roger Chillingworth.

"Who is that man?" gasped Mr. Dimmesdale, in terror. "I shiver at him, Hester. Canst thou do nothing for me? I have a nameless horror of the man."

Remembering her promise, Hester was silent.

"Worthy sir," said the doctor, advancing to the platform, "pious Master Dimmesdale! Can this be you? Come, good sir, I pray you, let me lead you home! You should study less, or these night-whimsies will grow upon you."

Hester now resolved to do what she could for the victim whom she saw in her former husband's grip. One day she met the old doctor in the woods, seeking herbs, and implored him to be merciful, saying that she

must now reveal the secret of their former relationship, no matter what befell.

A week later Hester awaited the clergyman in the forest and told him about Roger Chillingworth and their relationship, bidding him hope for a new life beyond the sea in some rural village.

"Thou shalt not go alone," she whispered.

Arthur Dimmesdale attained the proudest eminence a New England clergyman could reach. He had preached the election sermon on the holiday celebrating the election of a new governor.

Hester had taken berths to England, and on the holiday the shipmaster informed her that Roger Chillingworth had booked passage on the same vessel; saying nothing, she turned and stood by the pillory with Pearl.

The minister, surrounded by leading townsmen, halted at the scaffold, and, calling Hester and Pearl to him, mounted the scaffold steps. Telling Hester he was a dying man and must hasten to assume his shame, he turned to the market-place and spoke with a voice that all could hear.

"People of New England! At last, at last I stand where seven years since I should have stood. Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester

wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin ye have not shuddered."

With a convulsive motion he tore away the ministerial gown from before his breast. It was revealed! Then sinking down on the scaffold, he died, his head resting on Hester's bosom.

Afterward, conflicting accounts arose about the scene on the scaffold. Many testified to seeing a scarlet letter on the minister's bosom, while others denied it, saying that Dimmesdale's confession implied no part of Hester's guilt.

Roger Chillingworth died, bequeathing his property to Pearl.

Hester and Pearl lived in England for years, then, Pearl marrying, Hester returned alone to the little dwelling by the forest.

Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers

LEWIS CARROLL

CARROLL

LEWIS CARROLL (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) was born in the village of Darebury, Cheshire, England, January 27, 1832. He was a mathematician as well as author, and while the literary life of "Lewis Carroll" was familiar to a wide circle of readers, the private life of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was retired and practically uneventful.

He took a first class in the final mathematical school in 1854, and the following year was appointed mathematical lecturer at Christ Church, a post he continued to fill until 1881. He published books of a purely mathematical nature first; but in 1865 he published, under the pseudonym of "Lewis Carroll," "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," a work that was the outcome of his keen sympathy with the imagination of children and their sense of fun. This whimsical story was an immediate success, and the name of "Lewis Carroll" has ever since been a household word.

Mr. Dodgson was extremely fond of children, and it was an open secret that the original of Alice was a daughter of Dean Liddel. A dramatic version of

the Alice books was produced at Christmas, 1886, and has since enjoyed numerous revivals.

Throughout this dual existence Mr. Dodgson persistently refused to be publicly identified with "Lewis Carroll," although his authorship of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" was well known.

He died at Guilford on the 14th of January, 1898; his memory is appropriately kept green by a cot in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London, which was erected and endowed perpetually by public subscription.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By LEWIS CARROLL

Condensation by
NEWTON NEWKIRK

ALICE sat nodding sleepily on a mossy bank beside her big sister, who was reading.

Presently a pink-eyed white Rabbit ran by, looking at its watch and crying, "Oh dear—I shall be late!" Alice bounded after the Rabbit, across a field and into a hole under a hedge. After running through the hole a distance she suddenly stepped off into space and began to fall. She fell slowly, and it was a very pleasant sensation. Alice was wondering whether she would stop at the earth's center when, bump!—she landed on a heap of leaves, unhurt.

The Rabbit was scampering down the passage. Springing to her feet, she pursued, but it disappeared around the next corner and Alice found herself in a long hall of many

doors, all locked. On a table was a golden key which fitted the smallest door, only fifteen inches high. Unlocking this, she beheld a beautiful flower-garden, but could not squeeze through the door.

On the table she found a bottle labeled "Drink Me." Alice tasted—it was delicious and she drank it all. Soon she shrank to only ten inches in height. "Now I can go into the garden!" cried Alice, running to the door, but, alas! she had relocked it and left the key on the table far beyond her reach.

Beneath the table in a glass dish she found a cookie on which were the words, "Eat Me." She ate this and soon grew nine feet tall. Presently the Rabbit entered and, seeing Alice, fled in dismay, dropping his gloves and fan. Alice picked them up and began to fan herself. Soon she was only two feet high and dropped the fan in a fright. Thereupon she stopped growing smaller and knew it was a magic fan.

Hearing footfalls, she turned to see the Rabbit standing near. It was nearly as tall as she and seemed very angry. "You go to my house and bring me a pair of gloves and a fan!" commanded the Rabbit, sternly. Alice, badly frightened, started to obey. Strangely

enough, the hall vanished and she found herself running through a deep wood. Soon she came to a little white house. The door-plate said "W. Rabbit." Entering, she hurried up-stairs to the Rabbit's bedroom and found, not gloves and a fan, but a bottle on the bureau. It was not labeled, but Alice drank the contents. She grew so rapidly that the room was hardly big enough to contain her, although she was lying on the floor with her head drawn up to her chin.

While in this predicament some one threw a handful of pebbles through the window into the room. These turned into bits of candy. Alice ate several of them and soon shrank until she could escape from the house. Running into the wood, she sat down beside a mushroom to rest.

"What can I do for you?" asked a voice. Alice looked up, and on top of the mushroom sat a blue Caterpillar, smoking a pipe.

"Oh, please, sir," replied Alice, "make me larger!"

"That's easy," said the Caterpillar; "one side of this mushroom will make you taller, and the other side shorter."

Before Alice could ask more the Caterpillar disappeared.

Alice broke off a piece from each side of the mushroom. After eating a bit of one she grew so short her chin struck her foot. Hastily eating some of the other, she grew so tall her head was among the tree-tops. "Oh dear, shall I never be my regular size again!" she cried, nibbling from the first piece and shrinking down to only nine inches.

In despair she started to walk through the wood, and soon came to a little house about four feet high. Without knocking, Alice walked into the kitchen. The Duchess sat rocking a little pig in her lap, the Cook was sprinkling quantities of pepper into a kettle of soup, and a Cheshire Cat on the hearth grinned from ear to ear at her. All three sneezed violently from time to time.

"Please go away—I don't like your grin," said Alice to the Cat.

"All right," replied the Cat, and vanished, beginning with the tail and ending with the grin—but the grin remained after the rest had disappeared.

To escape from this horrid grin Alice ran out of the house and into the wood, closely pursued by the grin. Seeing a little door open leading into a big tree, Alice slipped

through and slammed the door behind her, shutting out the grin.

Turning about, she at last found herself in the beautiful garden. Standing about a rose-tree near the entrance were three gardeners painting the white roses red. "Why are you doing that?" asked Alice.

"Because," replied one, "the Queen does not fancy white roses."

"Hush!" said another; "here comes the Queen now!"

Alice turned eagerly to behold the royal procession. There were soldiers with clubs, courtiers bedecked with diamonds, and the royal children were ornamented with hearts, while in and out among them hopped the White Rabbit. Last of all came the King and Queen of Hearts.

When the Queen came to Alice she stopped and asked, "My child, do you play croquet?"

"Y - y - y - yes," stammered Alice, much confused.

"Then here is your mallet," replied the Queen, handing Alice a live flamingo. Then the game began, and such a crazy game of croquet Alice had never seen.

The croquet balls were live hedgehogs and

the soldiers bent over to make the arches. Besides, the ground was full of hummocks and ridges. All played at once. When Alice would get ready to hit her ball with the flamingo's head, either the hedgehog would walk off, or the soldier making the arch would stand up to rest his back.

"How do you like the game?" asked a voice. Looking up, Alice beheld the grin of the Cheshire Cat. Before she could answer the Cat's head appeared, but no more of it.

"I don't like it at all," replied Alice, dropping her mallet, which at once flew off. The Cat turned to look at the King, who did not like being grinned at, and complained to the Queen, who ordered the Cat beheaded on the spot.

"That is all very well," said the King, "but I should like to know how it is possible to behead a cat which has no body?" While they were arguing the Cheshire Cat vanished, head, grin, and all.

Alice went to look for her flamingo, but could not find it. When she returned, all the players had gone to the Palace. Alice followed and, entering, found a trial in progress. The King and Queen sat on their throne hearing the evidence. The Knave of

Hearts was being tried for stealing some tarts the Queen had made. Several witnesses testified, but they talked of everything else except the stolen tarts.

"What a silly trial!" thought Alice, nibbling absent-mindedly at a piece of mushroom she had left. Almost before she knew it she grew so tall her head bumped against the ceiling.

"Call the next witness!" commanded the King.

"ALICE!" cried the White Rabbit.

"But I don't know anything about the stolen tarts," protested Alice.

"That's very important," remarked the King.

"It's against the rules for a witness over a mile high to testify," said the Queen.

"Leave this court at once!" ordered the King, addressing Alice.

"I sha'n't leave until I hear the verdict," retorted Alice.

"In that case," said the King, "let the jury consider the verdict."

"Sentence first and verdict afterward," objected the Queen.

"How absurd to have a sentence before a verdict!" said Alice, scornfully.

"Off with that girl's head!" shouted the Queen, pointing at Alice.

"Will you please stoop down so I can carry out the Queen's orders?" asked the Royal Executioner, politely.

"No, I won't!" cried Alice; "you are all nothing but a naughty pack of cards, anyhow, and I am not afraid of you!"

Thereupon the whole pack rose up into the air and flew straight into Alice's face.

"Come, Alice dear, wake up," said her big sister, shaking her gently; "you've been sleeping nearly an hour and it's time to go home."

Then little Alice knew that her wonderful journey had been only a wonderful dream.

EUGÈNE SUE

SUE

EUGÈNE SUE was born at Paris, January 20, 1804. His father was a distinguished surgeon in Napoleon's army, and he himself served in a like capacity at the battle of Navarino in 1826. After a varied experience in the army and navy, he inherited his father's fortune in 1829 and set up to follow Cooper's example in the telling of tales of the sea, for which his experience well fitted him. The great romantic movement included him in its all-embracing sweep. Many thought him the equal of Dumas, but facility of composition is probably the only point on which he was fully able to meet his great contemporary. Socialism greatly attracted him, and in pleading for the cause of the working classes he won a large audience. He sat in the French Assembly, but his opposition to the coup d'état of Napoleon III sent him into exile. He died at Annecy in Savoy, August 3, 1857.

His "Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew" reached enormous length and enormous numbers of readers as they appeared in newspapers, in book form, and on the stage.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS

By EUGÈNE SUE

Condensation by
SARA WARE BASSETT

TO interpret justly the works of Eugène Sue, one must not forget to take into consideration the epoch at which they won their place in world literature.

When Sue was born the novel was still a comparatively new product. There had, it is true, been books before its advent, for the invention of printing had put reading-matter within the reach of the people; but until fiction made its appearance most of the material published had been of a religious trend, consisting of lives of the saints and treatises on theology and science. Even then such volumes were costly, to say nothing of their being of far too ponderous a nature to answer the cravings of a public scantily educated and desirous for entertainment at a time when amusements were few.

Therefore, when out of this arid literary waste the novel sprung into being, we can easily picture the eagerness with which the hungering masses fell upon it. Here, at last, was something human and within the scope of the every-day man's understanding; here, in fascinating form, were presented not only characters from the life with which he was familiar, but also adventures in those mystic realms of romance that he had imagined. It was like water to the thirsty!

Hence, if, when reading the very early novels, or even those of the later decades to which Sue belonged, we are conscious of stilted dialogue and melodramatic and improbable situations, let us remember that the writers of this era were to no small extent pioneers in a sparsely trodden wilderness of art; and that when "the world was so new and all" in literary development it is a marvel that their handiwork has endured for so many years. Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* penned in 1842, seems touched with the fires of everlasting youth. Indeed, it must possess the charm of universal appeal or it would never have held its place for almost a century. When we consider how few of our present-day novels survive a second season, we are

forced to doff our caps to this artist of the past who, like Stevenson, so well merits the sobriquet of "Tusitala, a Teller of Tales," and the secret of whose spell lies in the eternal child in us answering to the sorceries of a master story-teller.

The book in question is a labyrinth of exciting and dramatic happenings, which, cleverly woven together, embody the author's unique philosophy that the quest for good may be made quite as seductive a crusade as the quest for evil, the only difference lying in the goal toward which one turns his steps. Certainly the story bears out this theory, for we are swept along by the magician's cunning page after page, chapter after chapter, until his creative resources seem limitless. Never for an instant does our interest lag. When the book is finished we feel that, had Sue so ordained, he could have evolved just as many more plots with an equal degree of ease.

He opens his narrative with a scene in the slums of Paris, where Fleur-de-Marie, a beautiful girl of the streets, is being viciously attacked by the Slasher, a brute of the underworld. A trivial quarrel between the two has arisen and the man is about to strike this helpless creature when suddenly a stranger

intervenes and by superior strength and wit lays low the assailant. The new-comer is a M. Rudolph, who styles himself a painter of fans. Although poorly garbed and speaking the jargon of the pavements, we speedily realize that he is something other than he pretends; and in this supposition we are soon justified, for presently we learn that in truth M. Rudolph is no other personage than his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Gerolstein in disguise. The Slasher, however, does not know this, and neither does his pretty companion, and we soon find the three cronies seated amiably at a café table, relating for one another's amusement the stories of their past lives.

Rudolph has little to say. He is an artisan, he declares. The Slasher frankly admits himself to be an escaped convict who has served in the galleys for murder; but with the inconsistency of human nature he announces that while he has no scruples against murder, he will not steal. Fleur-de-Marie, or Goualeuse, as her comrades term her, is a sixteen-year-old waif who has never known any parent save Screech Owl, a cruel woman from whom she had fled when a child; nor has she had any home save prison walls

and the haunts of vice. Nevertheless, despite her vile surroundings, she has kept her soul untainted and is essentially pure of heart, being the victim of environment and circumstances rather than its votary.

Observing this, Rudolph, whose aim is ever to give another chance to those in whom good is apparent, transplants her to a home in the country, where, under the care of Mrs. George, his old nurse, she may grow up in a wholesome atmosphere. At the same time he binds the Slasher to him for life by offering him his hand with the remark that the convict has honor and a heart.

Here our story begins.

Rudolph, we soon learn, has two aims in venturing incognito into the filth of Paris. The first is to discover, if he can, the whereabouts of Mrs. George's son, Germain, who has been taken from her in his youth by a vicious husband. The second is to trace, if possible, his lost daughter, who is supposed to have died in infancy. It is around these two themes that the romance moves. In pursuing them M. Rudolph is beset by every imaginable adventure. He is locked up in a subterranean cellar, where the waters of the Seine slowly creep up to his neck, and

from which predicament the faithful Slasher rescues him.

Innumerable traps are laid for his feet; but from each successive snare he miraculously escapes. And throughout this series of entanglements he never abandons his premise that no matter how depraved the individual, there is potential good in all humanity, which, if nurtured, will blossom into virtue. In consequence he becomes a sort of "inferior Providence" to those whom he meets. He saves the blameless debtor from prison, and places an honest livelihood within his reach. He does a thousand kindnesses. On the other hand, he does not hesitate to bring the unworthy to justice. Relentlessly he causes the eyes of a wretch who has been pitiless to the weak to be put out that he may know what it means to be helpless and the prey of the strong.

The story is a network of crimes and their eventual punishment, and everywhere triumphant we find the creed that in the breast of humankind burns a spark of the divine.

The portion of the tale dealing with the kidnapping of Fleur-de-Marie from her home with Mrs. George by Screech Owl, the blinded schoolmaster, and the imp Hoppy is

a novel in itself. How these wretches wait for the innocent girl, convey her to Paris by coach, and thrust her into the arms of the police, who in turn deposit her in prison, is exciting reading. From prison she is released by a written order, only to fall a victim to a band of hired ruffians who try to drown her in the Seine. As she is floating down the river, one of her old comrades from Saint-Lazare leaps in and saves her life. Next we see her in a great Paris hospital, and it is at this juncture that the Grand Duke Rudolph of Gerolstein obtains trace of her, discovers that she is his own daughter, and bears her in triumph to his magnificent palace to be transformed from a fugitive of the streets to her Royal Highness Princess Amelia. Here, for a brief period, we behold our little Fleur-de-Marie the idol of the court and sought in marriage by a prince of the realm.

But the stigma of the past is ever fresh in the girl's mind. She cannot shake it off. Though she adores her lover, she refuses to wed him, saying that she "loves him too much to give him a hand that has been touched by the ruffians of the city." Poor, brave Fleur-de-Marie! She at last seeks peace in a convent; and when she dies there

we have no regrets that her blameless but troubled life is ended.

In the mean time what of Germain?

We search for him through an equally ingenious train of happenings. With all M. Rudolph's wealth and astuteness it is no easy task to find this missing boy who is lost in the great city of Paris. But he is found. Like Goualeuse, the young hero has kept his soul unsullied by evil Urged to rob his employer, he has not only refused, but has given information against those who plotted the crime, that they might be brought to justice. As a result of this good deed, however, he has been hounded from one end of Paris to the other. At last he falls a victim to a monster of crime, Jacques Ferrand, a corrupt notary, who casts him into prison on a fictitious charge. Here he is no favorite, for by scorning to mingle with the vicious creatures about him he incurs their wrath and suspicion, until at length they dub him a spy and resolve to murder him. From this fate he is saved by the Slasher, who appears in the prison just in time to fell his assailants and pilot him to liberty. Eventually he is restored to his mother's arms and to his pretty sweetheart, Rigolette, whom he now marries.

The skill with which Sue constructs his story, introducing character after character, and bringing these varied elements into a unified whole, is a marvel of artistry. It is also interesting to note throughout the novel the author's knowledge of medicine—his handling of drugs, his portrayal of hospital practices, and other technical touches relative to his profession. Wherever such data can be turned to use he does not hesitate to employ them, fearlessly setting forth in black and white specific evils of the day that should be righted. Nor does he shrink from proclaiming to France, as did Dickens to England, the defects of the legal and penal systems of his country.

A voice so boldly upraised at a time when injustices were many must have won a hearing, and we honor Eugène Sue not alone as a pioneer in the novel-writing field, not alone as a prince of story-tellers, but as a reformer of the social and political evils of his generation.

SIR WALTER BESANT

BESANT

SIR WALTER BESANT, novelist and biographer, lover of London and of the poor folk who lived in the slums of the British metropolis, was born at Portsmouth, England, August 14, 1836. He died on June 9, 1901.

Besant was one of the most many-sided men of his time. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Cambridge; he taught in a college on the picturesque island of Mauritius; he was secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He earned the undying gratitude of scores of struggling young writers by establishing the Society of Authors, which kept them from being duped by unscrupulous publishers and editors. He labored indefatigably to improve the conditions of the poor.

Of his many novels, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" stands out above the others—a tale of the poor that gripped the minds of his readers. So profound was the impression that it made that it may be said to have raised the People's Palace, the "Palace of Delight" described in the novel, where the oppressed had some chance to know social improvement and recreation.

The author, who was knighted in 1895, wrote many other novels, among them "The Children of Gideon," "Armorel of Lyonesse," and "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice." He also wrote numerous biographies of writers and men who had lived adventurous lives, and he left unfinished "A Survey of London," a book published after his death, which is a storehouse of information for all who are interested in the past and present of the great city.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

By WALTER BESANT

Condensation by
CHARLES H. LINCOLN

THE girl was the greatest heiress in England. On the morrow she was to leave the university where, in anticipation of assuming the responsibility of her fortune, she had acquired all of the theory of political economy that text-books could give her. Speaking to a girl friend, she summed up the sources of her wealth:

"To begin with, there is the brewery. You cannot escape from a big brewery if it belongs to you. You cannot hide it away. Messenger, Marsden & Company's Stout, their XXX, their Old and Mild, their Bitter, their Family Ales (that particularly at eight-and-six the nine-gallon cask, if paid for on delivery), their drays, their huge horses, their strong men—these things stare one in

the face wherever you go. I am Messenger, Marsden & Company, myself, the sole partner in what my lawyer sweetly calls the Concern."

Also there was an unconscionable sum of money in the Funds. And whole streets of houses. They lay all about Whitechapel way. Her grandfather had bought houses just as other people buy apples.

Yet Angela Messenger never had been inside one of her own houses. Never had visited her brewery. She knew all the theories about people, but she didn't know people themselves. She resolved:

"I efface myself. I vanish. I disappear. Your Angela will be a dressmaker, and she will live by herself and become—what her great-grandmother was—one of the people."

This was in June, 1881.

For a long time to come, fashionable London would see Angela Messenger no more.

But in Whitechapel district, a charming young woman claiming the name of Kennedy appeared from nowhere in particular, to open dressmaking-rooms.

At Mrs. Bormalack's boarding-house she met the man.

The man had all of personal refinement,

education, and aristocratic poise that was to be expected in the favorite member of the family of Lord Jocelyn Le Breton. Reaching the age of twenty-three, he had been told the secret of his birth: his only claim upon that home of wealth and social distinction was one of gratitude. For, in truth, he had been the child of a sergeant in the English army; and instead of Le Breton, his name was Goslett—Harry Goslett, the first name being pronounced 'Arry in the neighborhood where he had been born.

Free to make his choice, he resolved to go back to his own people.

Mrs. Bormalack's boarding-house was old and mean. Everything was old and shabby; everything wanted polishing, washing, brightening up.

The boarders numbered an elderly couple from a New Hampshire town, hugging the delusion that they were rightful owners of a peerage, and awaiting the day when their rights would be recognized; a sleight-of-hand performer out of employment, who bored his fellows by practising his magic upon them; a learned scholar from Australia, who claimed the discovery of the original tablets of stone upon which the Ten Com-

mandments had been written, but who was deprived of the glory due such an achievement by the jealousy of rival scholars; a clerk in the great brewery, who for thirty years had labored under suspicion of stealing certain valuables from a safe of the Concern —holding on to an ill-paid position through the decades, without hope of promotion or fear of discharge, until guilt might be proven or the missing valuables discovered.

In such surroundings, Angela and Harry naturally gravitated toward each other. Without question, they took each other at face value: she, a dressmaker with a little money to set herself up in business; he, a cabinet-maker with wages of a shilling an hour for mending broken furniture and doing similar jobs at the brewery.

Their talk naturally would come around to the wealthy Miss Messenger—whom none of those concerned with the story except Miss Kennedy ever had seen. They would speculate as to what they would do with her money, if they had the opportunity.

The cabinet-maker, Harry, had ideas. He had observed a lack in the life of the East End of London, with its two millions of people. "We have no pleasures—a theater

and a music-hall in Whitechapel Road. That has to serve for two millions of people. Now if this young heiress wanted to do any good, she should build a Palace of Pleasure here."

"Let us talk over your Palace of Pleasure," she said.

And as time went on they elaborated and amplified the idea, as the needs of the people among whom they lived became more apparent to them. To him it was a fanciful idea, largely of interest because it gave him opportunity to talk with the little dressmaker. To her it was the opportunity for which the greatest heiress in England had gone searching in Whitechapel.

But first came the "Stepney Dressmakers' Association." Never before had London seen such a business, conducted upon such extraordinary principles. The young women employees actually were encouraged to leave their work at certain hours, to exercise and play. They were furnished appetizing food at the expense of the shop. Lawn-tennis courts were provided for them. In the evenings they were encouraged to dance and sing. And a share of the earnings of the establishment was theirs.

Miss Kennedy's backer in this venture was supposed to be the wealthy Miss Messenger, of the brewery. The young cabinet-maker, already deep in love with the dressmaker, suggested that Miss Kennedy might persuade Miss Messenger to start the Palace of Delight, as he now called it.

"What is a Palace of Delight?" he was asked.

"Truly wonderful it is," said Harry, "to think how monotonous are the gifts and bequests of rich men. Schools, churches, almshouses, hospitals—that is all; that is their monotonous round." Then he proceeded to give his imagination full sway in a day-dream that, unknown to him for the time being, was to become a wonderful reality through the magic of the Messenger millions.

While the Palace was growing, Miss Kennedy, through her supposed influence with the unseen Miss Messenger, was bringing sunshine into the lives of the poor folk of Mrs. Bormalack's boarding-house. The seekers for a peerage were set up in the Messenger mansion in the city and had a taste of all that wealth could bestow. The discoverer of the Tablets of Stone had his discovery put into a book, and was sent home to Australia

glowing with joy and pride. The sleight-of-hand man was given opportunity to prove his skill, and proposed marriage in return. All this through the dressmaker's "influence" with the heiress of the brewery.

The young cabinet-maker, for his part, found the long-missing valuables and freed the old clerk from the suspicions he had labored under for thirty years. At the same time, Harry discovered proof that he himself was a fairly well-to-do person.

He laid his heart and fortune at the feet of the dressmaker. The day for the wedding was set.

All this time, be it remembered, the young man had no inkling of the girl's identity; nor did he know that his imaginary Palace of Delight actually was taking form in brick and stone. The girl, however, had long since discovered the secret of Harry's life.

Harry saw his Palace of Delight only when all was completed. It contained a great hall where a thousand couples could dance without crowding. On wet days it was to be a playground for children. There was a concert-room, with organ and piano and a platform; billiard-rooms, card-rooms, rooms with chess and dominoes laid out, school-

rooms for painting, drawing, wood-carving, and all manner of small arts.

"In the Palace of Delight," said Angela, "we shall not be like a troop of revelers, thinking of nothing but dance and song and feasting. We shall learn something every day; we shall all belong to the same class. This is our own palace, the club of the working-people; we will not let anybody make money out of it. We shall use it for ourselves, and we shall make our enjoyment by ourselves."

The first notes of the great organ of the Palace were the wedding-march of the girl and the man. The first festivities within the walls attended their wedding-feast.

And still the man whose imagination had given birth to these marvels had never guessed that his bride was anything but what she seemed; and he rejoiced in her possession.

The truth came to him only when, in the evening, she came to him no longer clad as a simple dressmaker, but radiant in white satin, mystic, wonderful, with white veil and white flowers, and round her white throat a necklace of sparkling diamonds, and diamonds in her hair.

"Take her, my boy," said Lord Jocelyn, proudly. "But you have married—not Miss Kennedy at all—but Angela Messenger."

Harry took his bride's hand in a kind of stupor.

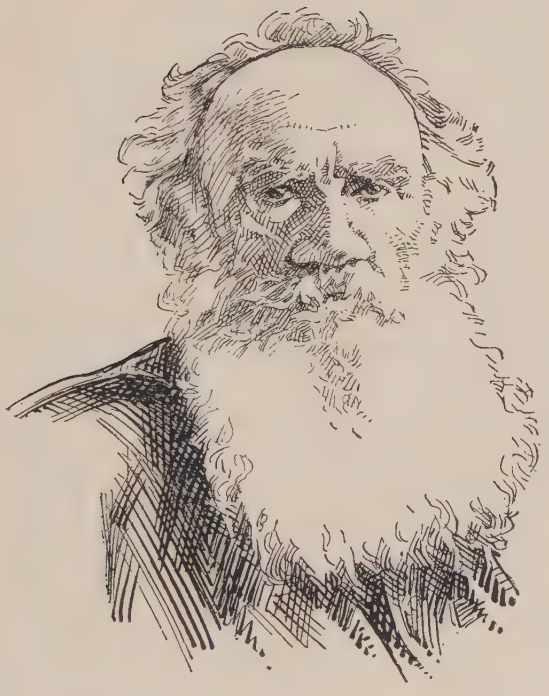
"Forgive me, Harry," she said, "say you forgive me."

Then he raised her veil and kissed her forehead before them all. But he could not speak, because all in a moment the sense of what this would mean poured upon his brain in a great wave, and he would fain have been alone.

TOLSTOI

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, near Toula, the family estate that has become famous throughout the world as the residence of the great novelist, reformer, and dreamer. He died in 1910 at a little railroad station which he had reached on a journey the object of which was to let him end his days in solitude. But a whole world was looking on.

At first he studied Oriental languages, then law, and finally became a soldier, taking part in the Crimean campaign. His long series of writings began with "Childhood," "Boyhood," "The Morning of a Landed Proprietor," and articles on his experiences as a soldier. His realism was already a dominant note, as well as his power to see through shams and conventions. He soon retired from the army and began his life of service to the peasants about him at his own estate. "War and Peace" appeared in 1864–69, and the great novel "Anna Karenina," 1875–76. Already he was dealing with the mighty problems of life and humanity and trying to solve them in whatever way seemed to him right, no matter what answer the world had given to



LEO N. TOLSTOI

them. "My Religion," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Resurrection," are perhaps the best-known books, which have been translated into many languages, including two editions published in America, of some two dozen volumes each, one by Nathan Haskell Dole and others, one by Prof. Leo Wiener. A whole library of books has been written about him in many languages.

Tolstoi is one of the unique figures in the history of the world. Seer, prophet, fearless seeker after truth no matter where the quest might lead, he drew to himself the respectful attention of all thinking people, no matter how divergent their thoughts from his. His belief that Christianity is a faith to be actually lived by and his championship of the doctrine of non-resistance are the outstanding points of a thought which covered all humanity.

ANNA KARENINA

By LEO N. TOLSTOI

Condensation by
MARY FRANCES RUSS

"AND . . . Anna had friendly relations with the society . . . which with one hand lays fast hold of the court lest it fall absolutely into the demi-monde which its members affect to despise, but whose tastes are precisely similar."

Anna Karenina's intimates were of this circle in St. Petersburg society. Practically forced into a loveless marriage with Aleksei Karenin, twenty years her senior, Anna had been a faithful wife for eight years. Karenin held a high official position and everything in his life was subordinated to his career. He was a tireless worker, and such social hours as he enjoyed were spent in circles best suited to his advancement, but his charming and adaptable wife made friends in all quarters. While a man of admirable character, Karenin

had an utterly unlovable personality. He was very calm, cool, absolutely just, but love —warm, human love—was a stranger in his household. All the affection of Anna Karenina's heart was lavished on her seven-year-old son, Serozha, who adored his mother.

Into this setting, so cunningly fashioned for it, stepped Trouble, in the most attractive person of Aleksei Vronsky.

In the city of Moscow lived Anna's brother, Stepan Oblonsky. Stepan, lovable and popular, had a wife, children, a salaried official position and some money, but, being always in debt, this fact and his little *affaires du cœur* kept him just sufficiently worried to enable him to really enjoy life.

While on a visit to Moscow, Anna Karenina met Vronsky.

Count Vronsky was rich, handsome, loved his regiment and his horses, and was voted a "capital good fellow." He had appeared in Moscow that winter and had been attracted slightly to Stepan's sister-in-law, Kitty. Kitty was a pretty and popular débutante, daughter of Prince Scherbatsky of the old nobility. Among many admirers, she was sure of two serious suitors. One was Vronsky, the other Levin.

Konstantin Levin was also of the old Muscovite nobility and had known Kitty all her life. As his mother had died in his babyhood, the family life of the Scherbatskys had appealed to him strongly. He was now thirty-two, and, although feeling unworthy of Kitty, was determined to offer himself to her. He was really a splendid match. He had a magnificent country estate of eighty-one hundred acres, plenty of money, and his share of masculine attractions. He was a thinker, always immersed in the deepest problems concerning the world, everything in it, on it, and beyond it. He had been brought up in the orthodox faith, but, since attaining manhood, has been assailed with all kinds of doubts, until now he was practically an unbeliever. "He could not believe; he was also equally unable to disbelieve." After completing his university course he spent most of his time on his great estate, wrestling with his problems of agriculture and peasant labor. He came into Moscow on occasions and dipped into its social life, but his own life was so clean and simple that he had little patience with the dissipations of his town friends.

Kitty's parents had many quarrels over

her prospects. Her mother favored the brilliant Vronsky; her father said "Levin was worth a thousand men." Kitty herself had set her heart on Vronsky, although fond of Levin. In due time she experienced the pleasing pain of refusing Levin, but, to her chagrin and deep humiliation, the proposal from Vronsky did not materialize. The latter did not dream that his attentions to her were regarded seriously. Poor Kitty met her crushing disappointment at a large ball, when, instead of choosing her as his mazurka partner, Vronsky led out—Madame Karenina!

In spite of their endeavors to hide the magic glow which enveloped them, it was obvious to Kitty, as to others, that Anna and Vronsky had both been touched by the same flaming torch.

Anna Karenina had met her man. She knew it. She was afraid. Her customary serenity deserted her so completely that she left for Petersburg the next day, cutting short her visit. The calm routine of her daily life took on a new and attractive aspect; she longed to see her son—even her husband. But—Vronsky took the same train to Petersburg.

They met constantly in society. Anna called all the forces of reason, prudence, pride, to her aid, but she could not conceal the rapture she felt in Vronsky's presence. Her intimates became extremely interested. This was, indeed, an affair after their own hearts. According to their code, anything was proper so long as outward conventions were observed. Karenin coolly pointed out the danger of her course. He assured her he looked upon jealousy "as a humiliating and wounding sentiment." (Anna would have respected some truculent conversation.) His spineless attitude enraged her, and by the end of a year she and Vronsky had become all in all to each other. They had but one object in life—to be together.

Karenin waited for the blow to fall. It was finally accomplished by Anna's public exhibition of emotion when Vronsky met with a racing accident. Upon being upbraided by her husband, she confessed her love for Vronsky. Mingled with the pain Karenin felt a sense of relief. He immediately began to plan on getting out of the mud without being splashed. He considered dueling, divorce, separation. Being afraid of a pistol, he concluded that his services to

the government were too valuable for him to risk his life. The scandal of a divorce might react against himself and a separation would throw Anna into Vronsky's arms. The latter was the last thing he wanted. It would not punish Anna. His decision was to allow her to remain in his home—perhaps resume their old relations. He knew this would make her most unhappy. His justification for this attitude was its religious significance.

In the mean time Levin was trying to forget Kitty by devoting himself to work. He became much interested in uplifting his peasants, who did not appreciate his efforts. He reached the conclusion that he had found the way to happiness, but one glimpse of Kitty showed him his error and stirred up his old feeling for her. Kitty's health had so failed after her disappointment in Vronsky, that she had been sent abroad to take a cure. Now, having been restored to health and having a new outlook on life, she realized that it was Levin whom she really loved, and when he again asked her for her hand she gladly consented.

According to Karenin's decision, Anna still had her place as mistress of his household.

Karenin was aware that she and Vronsky still maintained their relations, but could do nothing about it. In time, Anna gave birth to a daughter and was thought to be dying. Karenin's conduct was magnanimous, even toward Vronsky's baby. Vronsky attempted suicide through sheer humiliation. But Anna recovered, which Karenin had not counted on, and with her returning health came the conviction that Vronsky was the light of life to her. She became so unhappy that, in a moment of weakness, Karenin was prevailed upon to consent to divorce, even to take the blame and give her the boy. This generosity she could not accept, and with Vronsky and her baby left her husband's home and her son, on that inevitably fatal journey of love without the law.

They went abroad and at first were radiantly happy. Then Vronsky tired of the aimless life. They returned to Russia and settled in the country. Anna's position became so unbearable to Vronsky, who adored her, that he finally urged her to appeal to Karenin for a divorce. When Karenin refused, owing to various circumstances, matters grew worse than ever. Anna could not go into society, so became introspective.

Without cause, she grew very jealous of Vronsky. She took to morphine as a sleeping-potion.

Suicide—under the rushing wheels of a railroad train—was Anna Karenina's way out.

Vronsky's grief was overwhelming. After many weeks of illness he organized a squadron of cavalry and entered the Serbian war.

Konstantin Levin found his happiness with his wife and small son, and found that his old faith had lived in his heart, although hidden, when an old peasant explained why a certain man was good in the words "he lives for his soul, he remembers God."

John Lane Company, authorized publishers.

DISRAELI

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (Lord Beaconsfield), the eldest son of Isaac D'Israeli, was born in London in 1804. Although all the children were born into the Jewish communion, the father, with all his household, withdrew from the faith when the son Benjamin was but twelve years old.

"None of the family was akin to Benjamin for genius and character, except Sarah, the eldest child, to whom he was indebted for a wise, unswerving, and sympathetic devotion, when, in his earlier days, he needed it most."

At fifteen Disraeli was sent to a Unitarian school at Walthamstow. He soon, however, left there and went to school no more. With his father's guidance and the help of his fine library, Benjamin started out to educate himself.

The vivid imagination and wonderful perceptive quality of Disraeli was much helped by his association with persons of distinction in literary pursuits; and his keen powers of observation and wide range of reading helped him in the writing of his novels, as well as in the political career which he chose.

In 1837 Disraeli won the election to Parliament,

BENJAMIN DISRAELI
(Lord Beaconsfield)

being returned from Maidstone. Many years later he became Prime Minister, but for a brief period only, resigning in 1868 in favor of Mr. Gladstone.

His greatest gift was not the romantic imagination which he possessed so abundantly, but the perceptive, interpretative, judicial, or divining imagination, "without which there can be no man of great affairs." His novels contain many character portraits of the men and women of his time. "Vivian Grey" is said to be a pen-picture of the author.

Disraeli died at his home in Curzon Street on the 19th of April, 1881. Then the greatness of his popularity and its warmth were first declared. "No such demonstration of grief was expected, even by those who grieved the most." He lies in the Hughden Churchyard, but within the church is a marble tablet to his memory, placed there by Queen Victoria. The anniversary of his death has ever since been honored and is called "Primrose Day."

Among Disraeli's works are: "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," "Endymion," "Sibyl," "Lothair," "The Young Duke," "Venetia," "Tancred," "Contarini Fleming," and other novels, besides many political articles and like literature.

VIVIAN GREY

By BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Condensation by
ALICE G. GROZIER

DISRAELI'S story of Vivian Grey, like others of his novels, deals largely with politics, and contains character portraits of well-known persons of the period.

When Vivian Grey reached the age of five years it was discovered that the treatment of a doting mamma and over-attentive nurses had spoiled the child, and it was decided that he had better be sent away to school; when, however, the subject was under discussion, there was a strenuous protest from Vivian against curls and going to school.

"I won't have my hair curl, mamma; the boys will laugh at me," bawled the spoiled youngster. "Charles Appleyard told me so; his hair curled, and the boys called him girl. Papa! give me some more claret. I won't go to school!"

But in spite of these protests he was sent to school, where he stayed some four years, when it was decided that he should remain at home for a time and do his studying there; but he was later sent off again, this time to the school of Mr. Dallas at Burnsley Vicarage.

The rumor of the arrival of "a new fellow" circulated rapidly through the inmates of the Vicarage, and the fifty young rascals were preparing to quiz the newcomer when the school-room door opened and Mr. Dallas, accompanied by Vivian Grey, entered.

"A dandy, by Jove!" whispered one. "What a knowing set-out," squeaked a second; "Mummy sick," growled a third; this last exclamation was, however, a scandalous libel, for certainly no being ever stood in a pedagogue's presence with more perfect sang-froid and with a bolder front than did, at this moment, Vivian Grey.

The young savages at Burnsley Vicarage had caught a Tartar; in a very few days Vivian was decidedly the most popular fellow in the school; "he was so dashing! so devilish good-tempered, so completely up to everything!"

Vivian developed talents of a literary nature which inspired great admiration among his fellow-pupils and also in the mind of Mr. Dallas.

But there are other attributes which will win the admiration of a school of real boys; and this proved to be the case at Burnsley Vicarage, when, as so often happens, some of the boys, jealous of Vivian's popularity, found, as they thought, an opportunity to triumph over him. There was trouble between the followers of Vivian and those of Mallet, the head usher; one of the latter made an insulting remark to Vivian which he promptly resented and the battle was on, and Vivian Grey showed that he could fight as well as write.

Vivian's chief characteristic was a burning ambition; with this he had a great amount of courage and self-assurance, and besides these attributes, tact combined with a pleasing personal presence and manners.

At a dinner in his father's home, when Vivian was still a very young man, he made the acquaintance of the Marquess of Carabas. He came to the rescue of the marquess and his opinions in an after-dinner discussion, during which he quoted a whole passage from

Bolingbroke in support of the marquess; this was challenged by Vivian's father, who knew his son's habit of quoting the opinions of others, which were more often his own opinions put into the mouth of some one else; so Mr. Grey, looking smilingly at his son, remarked, "Vivian, my dear, can you tell me in what work of Bolingbroke I can find the eloquent passage you have just quoted?"

"Ask Mr. Hargrave, sir," replied the son, with perfect coolness; then turning to Mr. Hargrave he said, "You know you are reputed to be the most profound political student in the House, and more intimately acquainted than any other with the works of Bolingbroke."

Mr. Hargrave knew no such thing, but he was a weak man, and, seduced by the compliment, he was afraid to prove himself unworthy of it by confessing his ignorance of the passage.

Vivian carried this same self-assurance into politics and won many triumphs by tactics of the kind. He attached himself to the marquess, and was responsible for his entering politics, spending much time at the estate of the marquess, "Château Désir," with large house parties of famous per-

sons, some interesting to him and some otherwise.

Among the guests at one time was a relative of the marquess, a young matron, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, who was much impressed with Vivian and tried her charms upon him, but to no avail; then in pique she attempted intrigue to make trouble between the marquess and Vivian, which she came very near to accomplishing.

Meantime Vivian kept his eyes and thoughts for the pawns upon the political chessboard, among which was a Mr. Frederick Cleveland, who attracted his attention, and when the marquess's party was looking for a leader, Vivian suggested the name of Mr. Cleveland. Now it happened that these two, the marquess and Cleveland, had been at odds, which Vivian did not at first realize; when he was alone he said to himself: "What have I done? I am sure that Lucifer may know, for I do not. This Cleveland is, I suppose, but a man; I saw the feeble fools were wavering, and to save all made a leap in the dark. Well, is my skull cracked? We shall see."

Again was Vivian's assurance to the fore; he was certainly "all things to all men."

He had the power, with his silver tongue, of conciliating many persons, but not so Mr. Cleveland.

The first great trouble came to Vivian when, after many attempts at diplomacy and the political game, he estranged both the marquess and Mr. Cleveland; the latter, while under the influence of wine, met Vivian at their club and in a fit of anger struck him, and a duel was the result. Vivian fired into the air, hoping that the affair would end safely, but Cleveland insisted upon another shot; Vivian shot at random, but his bullet pierced Cleveland's heart.

A great remorse seized Vivian and for many weeks he was ill with fever at his father's home, under the loving care of his mother. "But the human mind can master many sorrows," and after a desperate relapse and another miraculous rally Vivian Grey arose from his bed. He left England and traveled in Germany, visiting, among other places, Frankfort during the time of the fair.

On a bright sunshiny afternoon, while crossing the square, Vivian was attracted by an excited crowd of people around a conjurer, whose appearance was of the oddest kind

and held Vivian's attention; he was called Essper George. Later he became serving-man to Vivian, who had offered to protect the fellow against the crowd he had in some way angered.

Vivian and Essper George had many lively adventures during their travels, all of which experiences, whether of politics or romance, gave Vivian new ideas of the world, and proved to be a most interesting school for him. He one day rescued a German nobleman from a wild boar, and was invited to visit at his castle; while there a romantic attachment between him and a young German lady of title engaged Vivian's attention for a time, but his thoughts, in spite of himself, constantly returned to two of his English friends.

Like many a knight and his serving-man of olden times, Vivian and Essper George found themselves on several occasions in very dangerous situations; sometimes it was Vivian to the rescue, and at others Essper.

On leaving that part of Germany where he had been entertained as honored guest of his titled acquaintances, Vivian passed through a small settlement where there were going on preparations for a wedding, and Vivian dis-

covered that the bridegroom was an old friend from Heidelberg, Eugene von Konongstein, and he was persuaded to stop and assist at the wedding. All was so quiet and peaceful there that it set Vivian to speculating about his own future.

In the morning the travelers were on their way again; the day being intensely hot and sultry, they withdrew to the shade of the woods, and while resting there Vivian asked Essper about his history. For a time they sat in quiet conversation, then were rudely interrupted by the approach of a terrific storm during which a lake on the top of the mountain burst and became a falling ocean, carrying all before it.

Essper's horse being swept from him, he climbed into a tree, but the lightning struck, felling the tree and killing Essper—then "Vivian's horse, with a maddened snort, dashed down the hill, his master clinging to his neck; finally, standing upright in the air, he flung his rider and fell dead."

HALÉVY

LUDOVIC HALÉVY, French author, was born in Paris on the first of January, 1834. His father was a clever, versatile writer of verse, prose, vaudeville, and drama; his uncle, Fromantal Halévy, was for many years associated with the opera; hence the double and early connection of Ludovic with the Parisian stage. At the age of six he might have been seen playing in that "Foyer de la Danse" with which he was to make his readers so familiar.

At eighteen he joined the ranks of the French administration and occupied various posts, the last being that of secrétaire redacteur to the Corps Législatif. In that capacity he enjoyed the special favor and friendship of the famous Duke of Morny, then the president of the Assembly.

In the spring of 1860, being commissioned to write a play for the manager of the Varieties, Halévy asked the collaboration of Henri Meilhac, and the proposal was immediately accepted, thus beginning a connection which continued for more than twenty years.

The joint work of the two authors had a great vogue, but Halévy is best known to more recent

LUDOVIC HALÉVY

readers by his "L'Abbé Constantin," published soon after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War.

It has been claimed that Zola had presented to the public an almost exclusive combination of bad men and women; in "L'Abbé Constantin" all are kind and good, and the change was eagerly welcomed by the reading public. Some enthusiasts still maintain that the Abbé will rank permanently in literature with the "Vicar of Wakefield."

Halévy died in Paris on the 8th of May, 1908. Among the most celebrated works of the joint authors were: "La Belle Hélène," "Barbe Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," and "La Périchole."

ABBÉ CONSTANTIN

By LUDOVIC HALÉVY

Condensation by
CHARLES E. L. WINGATE

WITH a step still valiant and firm the old Abbé Constantin walked along the dusty road of the little village where for more than thirty years he had been the curé. At the entrance of the Castle of Longueval he stopped and mournfully regarded the big blue posters fixed on the pillars.

They announced the sale of the castle, the former home of the curé's dear old friend, the marquise, who had recently died.

And the result of that auction?

The great estate bought by two entire strangers!

"Do you know who they are?" asked Madame de Lavardens.

"Yes. Mrs. Scott is an American possessing a colossal fortune. Ten years ago Mrs. Scott begged in the streets of New York, they say. They are rich parvenus

who amuse themselves by throwing handfuls of gold out of the window, and who will turn up their noses at us and care nothing for our traditions or our life."

Such was the story.

But when young Mrs. Scott and her beautiful sister arrived, to take possession of the castle, and called immediately upon the abbé, he learned a different tale. Religious, generous, amiable, and lovable they proved.

And they were certainly beautiful, particularly the younger sister, Bettina Percival. Both had the same large eyes, black, laughing, and gay, and the same hair, not red, but fair, with golden shades which daintily danced in the light of the sun.

At the curé's little home they met Jean Reynaud, the son of that gallant doctor of the village who, while advancing with the soldiers in the war of 1870 to carry on his work of mercy side by side with his dear old friend the abbé, had suddenly been struck by a bullet and killed on the spot. Jean, inheriting the noble traits of his father, was beloved by the whole village.

But he was poor, while the American sisters were immeasurably rich.

As acquaintances and friendships grew,

very pleasing it was to the gentle, lovable old curé to learn that his new parishioners were most anxious to extend their benefactions among the poor in the hamlet, asking him, indeed, to be their medium. And it delighted him to learn that those stories about begging in the street and questionable life were mere calumnies.

They had, indeed, been poor until an inherited silver-mine made them fabulously rich. Now they had hosts of admirers—Mrs. Scott because she was frankly flirtatious, and Bettina because, as she realized, the fortune-hunters—thirty-four of them she counted, including a French duke and a Spanish noble—sought her wealth. But through it all they retained their genuine simplicity and sweetness of heart.

And when, one day, they all went over with Jean to visit the little church, and Bettina at the organ played a reverie of Chopin, good gentle Abbé Constantin's heart was filled with such joy that the tears came to his eyes.

But all this left a deep problem in Jean's mind—"Which of the two sisters is the prettier?" At first he was convinced that it was the coquettish Mrs. Scott who charmed

him the more; then he would see Bettina, smiling and blushing amid the sunlit clouds of her floating hair, and he would declare to himself, "I was mistaken—the prettier was Miss Percival."

So, in the confusion of his meditations, he would say, "Is it possible that I have fallen madly in love at first sight? No; one might fall in love with a woman, but not with two women at once."

The days went on and Jean and Bettina were often thrown into each other's company. What resulted is best pictured in Miss Percival's own remark to her sister when one day she exclaimed:

"He is the first man, positively the first, in whose eyes I have not read, 'Oh how glad I should be to marry that little body's millions!'"

And then, as Mrs. Scott went up-stairs to kiss her sleeping children, Bettina remained long leaning on the balustrade of her balcony.

"It seems to me," said she, "that I am growing to be very fond of this place!"

One day when Jean was telling of his expectations of promotion and the probability that he should wander from garrison to garrison, finally coming back to the little house

that was his father's, as an old colonel on half pay, she exclaimed:

"Always quite alone?"

"Why quite alone? I certainly hope not."

"You intend to marry?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Yet you have refused several good opportunities. Tell me why."

"Because," he replied, "I think it best not to marry rather than to marry without love."

"And I think so, too."

She looked at him; he looked at her; and suddenly, to the great surprise of both, they found nothing more to say—nothing at all.

But now Jean is no longer tranquil; with impatience and at the same time with sorrow he sees the moment of his departure approach. Yet how could he stay and resist the temptation of Bettina's charm?

As an honorable man Jean felt for Bettina's money horror, positive horror.

In Bettina's mind the sensation of love had come at the same time that it had to Jean's. But while he, horrified, had cast it violently from him, she, on the contrary, had yielded in all the simplicity of her perfect

innocence to this flood of emotion and of tenderness.

As Bettina grew more tender, Jean became more gloomy. He was not only afraid of loving; he was afraid of being loved. He felt he ought to remain away, but he could not; the temptation was too strong.

He tried to avoid Bettina at receptions and even to leave without saying good-by.

"If I touch her hand," he thought, "my secret will escape me."

His secret! He did not know that Bettina read his heart like an open book.

When Jean descended the stairs these words were upon his lips:

"I love you, I adore you, and that is why I will see you no more!"

But he did not utter them; he actually fled into the darkness.

Bettina, standing in the hall door and taking no notice of the rain driving across her bare shoulders, watched him go.

"I knew very well that he loved me," she thought, "but now I am very sure that I. too—oh yes! I, too—"

Meanwhile Jean hastens to his dear old friend the curé to tell him that he is going away immediately to Paris to seek exchange

into another regiment, to leave the little hamlet forever. And then in his emotion he confessed to the abbé that he adored Bettina.

"It is a madness which has seized me," he exclaimed. "Ah! if she were only poor!"

"Do you know what I think, Jean?" exclaimed his good friend. "Jean, I believe that she loves you."

"And I believe it, too; but that is the very reason I must go. Her money is the great obstacle."

At that moment some one knocked gently at the door.

It was Bettina.

Going directly to Jean, she cried, "Oh, how glad I am you are here."

Then she took both his hands in hers and, addressing the curé, she said, "I have come to beg you, Monsieur le Curé, to listen to my confession."

And to herself she was saying, "I wish to be loved! I wish to love! I wish to be happy and to make him happy! And since he cannot have the courage to say it, I must have the courage for both!"

"I am rich, Monsieur le Curé," she continued, aloud, "very rich, but I love money

most for the good which it allows me to do. So I have the care of this money, and I have always wished that my husband should be worthy of sharing this great fortune in order that he should help me make good use of it. I thought of another thing, too—'He who will be my husband must be some one I can love!' There is a man who has done all he can to conceal from me that he loves me, but I do not doubt that he loves me. You do love me, Jean?"

"Yes," said Jean, in a low voice, his eyes cast down, looking like a criminal, "I do love you."

"I knew it very well, but I wanted to hear you say it. And now, Jean, I say to you, 'I love you!' Do not come near me, yet. Before I came here I thought I had a good stock of courage, but you see I have no longer my fine composure of a minute ago. And now, Monsieur le Curé, I want you to answer me, not him. Tell me, if he loves me and feels me worthy of my love, should he not agree to be my husband?"

"Jean," said the old priest, gravely, "marry her; it is your duty."

And as Jean took Bettina in his arms the girl continued: "You have often told me,

Monsieur le Curé, that Jean was almost like your own son. Now you will have two children, that is all."

A month later Bettina, in the simplest of wedding-dresses, entered the church. The old curé said mass. Jean and Bettina knelt before him. He pronounced the benediction. Then floated from the organ the same reverie of Chopin's which Bettina had played the first time she had entered that village church where was to be consecrated the happiness of her life.

And this time it was Bettina who wept.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

BURNETT

THE very large number of novels credited to the name of Mrs. Burnett includes important studies of life in both countries she has known. "That Lass o' Lowrie's" (1877) and "Haworth's" (1879) are remarkable stories of the English mining districts and of Lancashire manufacturing life. "Through One Administration" (1883), as its name implies, takes her to Washington. Perhaps the most notable of her other stories are "A Lady of Quality" (1896) and "His Grace of Ormonde" (1897), though "Editha's Burglar" and "Sara Crewe" (1888) have achieved a wide reputation.

The book and the play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" probably spread Mrs. Burnett's name the broadest. It had a prodigious run; the pretty pathos of the story appealed to grown-ups, though it seemed silly twaddle to the innumerable kids who were dragged by fond parents to see it, and was said to be a great nuisance to that one of the author's own children from whom it was drawn. The play of "Esmeralda," done with W. H. Gillette from one of her short stories, ran three years in America. "A Lady of Quality," dramatized with Stephen Townsend (as were other plays), had a considerable run.

THE SHUTTLE

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Condensation by
ELIZABETH M. LEE

BETTINA VANDERPOEL was ten years old when her sister Rosalie married Sir Nigel Anstruthers, an English baronet. Betty hated Nigel with a child's instinctive hatred for a bully, but in spite of his coarseness there was a certain fascination about him which blinded Rosalie to his real character. They were married in the whirl of gaiety which befitted the daughter of a multi-millionaire, and left New York for England. Long before the honeymoon ended, Rosy discovered that Nigel cared only for her money, and nothing whatever for her pretty, rather shallow self, and by the time Stornham Court was reached Rosy was desperately homesick and frightened. Her life in the little English village, even while she was the lady of the manor, was made a

nightmare by Nigel and his mother; and when, bewildered and terrified, Rosy sought spiritual consolation and comfort from Mr. Ffolliott, the vicar, Nigel accused her of having a lover. He intercepted her letters, lied to her about her parents, and at last, furious at her refusal to ask her father for money, he struck her so that she fell in a little heap against a chair, and cried out, with a crazy, awful little laugh:

"Nigel, be careful! You don't know how valuable I am! I might—I might have—a son!"

Fifteen years passed, and the Shuttle of Life, weaving back and forth between the two countries, weaving a ceaseless web over the ocean, twisted a thread in the life of Betty Vanderpoel that stirred her with the spirit of adventure that had been born in her Dutch forefathers, and always a voice cried out to her to go to Rosy, to see why the letters from England had been so few and so unsatisfying. Betty was a lovely woman of twenty-five, very different from the gawky, long-legged little school-girl who had angrily defied Nigel Anstruthers, but she kept her determination and her will-power, and booked her passage on the *Mauretania* with a party

of friends. At sea a storm came up that threatened to send the ship to the bottom of the ocean, and rallying the frightened people who were with her Betty had the unexpected assistance of one of the second-class passengers, a silent, gentlemanly Englishman, who helped her to keep order among the passengers, and then, as suddenly as he came, disappeared into the second cabin. The storm abated at last and England was reached in safety, but Betty did not see the man again.

When Betty reached Stornham Court, her worst fears were confirmed. Rosy was changed from a dainty, pretty, lovable girl into a faded wreck, timid and dowdy, old before her time. Her son Ughtred, was a hunchback, and, with the cringing nature of his kind, tried to hide himself from the world. Nigel was on a trip to the Riviera, and his mother had died, which left Rosalie alone in the Court, which was tumbling down for lack of repair. With plenty of money at her call, and with plenty of courage, Betty set about her work of transforming Rosalie and building up the house, which soon changed from a dingy, gloomy pile to the stately English country-house it should have been. She

superintended the repairing of several of the houses in the village, and one day, during her regular drive about Stornham, she went farther and visited the grounds of the Mount Dunstan estate.

Mount Dunstan was almost as badly in need of help as Stornham. There was a superstition which had come down through the years that the earls of Mount Dunstan were cursed, and the last earl, James Hubert Saltyre, shared the dislike which had been given his father. Going through the grounds, Betty found the man who had been the second-class passenger on the *Mauretania*, and, assuming from his dress that he was the keeper, she talked to him and learned something of the family of Mount Dunstan. As she was going she offered him money, when to her surprise she learned that he was the earl. More annoyed than confused, Betty forgave him for the deception, and gradually friendship sprang up between the two houses.

Then, as if to cement their friendship, the Shuttle twisted in the web of G. Selden, the junior salesman for the Delkoff Typewriter Company of New York, who made Mount Dunstan's acquaintance, and, learning that the daughter of Reuben S. Vanderpoel was

in Stornham, went to see her, in the faint hope of selling her a typewriter, and contrived to break his leg in front of Stornham Court. They carried him into the house and cared for him, and through his slangy, care-free manner he unconsciously broke down the barrier of prejudice that surrounded Mount Dunstan, and went back to America happy in the possession of a letter to Mr. Vanderpoel, the establishment of a longed-for "territory," and the order for six typewriters which were to be sent to England.

The long summer days found Rosalie very nearly restored to her former self and perfectly contented to have Betty there; when Nigel tired of the Riviera, and, having exhausted his resources, returned to Stornham, there to find the place built up and repaired, Rosalie almost free of her fear of him, and Betty, rich and beautiful, in full charge. No sooner did he appear than Rosy fell back into her old timid ways, but, with a view to propitiating Betty, Nigel treated his wife with as much kindness as he could assume. Everything he did was done with the hope of making Betty like him, until at last he found that Mount Dunstan, penniless as he was, loved Betty, and, although she did not con-

fess it, Betty loved him. Nigel was crafty, however, and bided his time, until there came a dreadful scourge of fever that swept the villages and terrified the people. Mount Dunstan gave up his home as a hospital, and, heedless of his own well-being, he acted as doctor, nurse, and minister, and won from every one the love and respect that was his due; and then, as the fever was abating, he was taken ill.

An awful day followed for Betty, for they had told her of his illness, and she knew that if the worst happened they would toll the bell in the church tower. Sundown came, and with it the ominous tolling of the bell, the pitiless notes that froze her heart, and blindly she rode away from Stornham, trying to shut out the sound of the bell. Her horse stumbled in a hole and threw her, injuring her ankle, and then it was that she knew Nigel had followed her. He found her hiding in a little hut and claimed her for his own, and in answer to his demands she said:

"There is one who stands between us—one who died to-day."

He laughed at her and tried to take her in his arms, but she managed to evade him, and ran, as best she could, with her injured foot,

and hid from him in a tiny clump of bushes, whispering ceaselessly, "Come—you who died to-day—you who died!"

And then—he came—the man she thought had died, the man she loved and who loved her, and, finding her there, and finding Nigel with evil in his eyes, he led her gently to the little hut and then went back to Nigel. What followed would not be good to repeat, but Betty heard sounds like the howling of a dog, and when Mount Dunstan finally came back to her, it was with flashing eyes and clenched fists, his broken horsewhip trailing on the ground. Then he told her how it had happened—how he had simply had a headache, and the bell had tolled for some one else, and how, when he found she had gone, he knew that it had been for love of him.

For a few months Nigel lingered, stricken with paralysis, and then the kindly Weaver of the Shuttle slipped out his black thread, leaving Rosy contented with her father and mother, while the golden threads of the love of Betty for her man wove themselves in and out, forming the perfect web of happiness.

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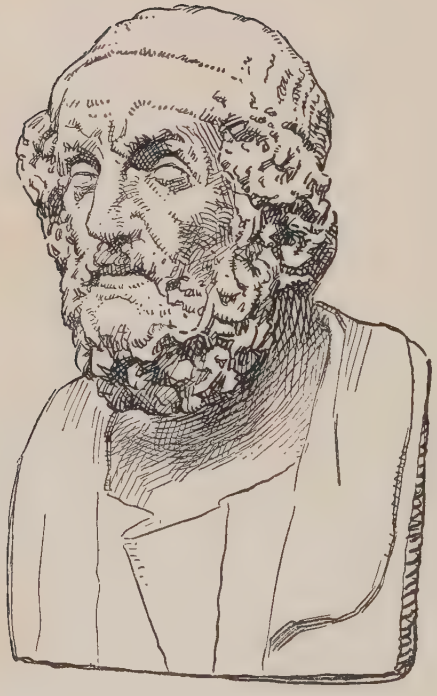


HOMER

HOMER

THE Greeks were princes of story-telling, and Homer was their king. Who he was and where he lived is one of the unanswered questions of history. Seven cities and more claimed him as their greatest source of pride. The most we can be sure of is that to us have come down two of the many poems that bear his name, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."

Like the Hebrew Bible, they have become part of the heritage of universal humanity. We call them epic poems; they are rather great historical romances.

Each has a story of its own; in the "Iliad" it is the wrath of Achilles against King Agamemnon; in the "Odyssey" it is the wanderings of Odysseus on his way back from the wars at Troy. Back of them both as remoter cause is the tale of the fatal beauty of Helen. In each are innumerable short stories, which have been storehouses of romance for writers ever since first they became known.

It is one of the marvels of the Greeks that they step out of the mist of unrecorded history with a highly developed civilization, portrayed in two of the world's

masterpieces of literature. The Greeks in later years wrote "lives" of Homer with great exactness and minute detail. They knew no more about the "blind bard" than do we. Indeed they were not even sure that one poet wrote both tales. But that the stories were the work of supreme genius they were as sure as have been all men since their day who have read them.

Homer was the Greeks' "best seller"; they thronged in thousands to hear him recited; their religion, their thought, their education were all based on him under whose name is told the great story of their heroes.

HOMER'S ILIAD

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

THE elders of the Trojans from their seats upon the Scæan gate looked down upon the hosts of Greeks and Trojans marshaled in the plain. For nine long years the armies had contended. Why had Agamemnon brought the men of many cities to fight around the walls of Priam's Troy? What was it all about?

Homer sings of the wrath of Achilles, but the beginning of all the trouble goes far back of that, to the tale of a princely shepherd on a night surprised as he watched his flocks upon Mount Ida. The goddesses Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite make him choose one of the world-old wishes; the judgment of Paris is for a fair face and love. To fulfil her promise Aphrodite leads him to King Menelaus's court in Sparta. Back to Troy Paris brings Queen Helen and great treasure. A hue and cry follow throughout Greece;

Menelaus calls to his help the great overlord, his brother Agamemnon, Achilles the sacker of cities, wily Odysseus, venerable and genial Nestor, and all the chivalry of the land with men and ships to make war on Troy.

Others must pay for the wrong-doing of Paris—old King Priam of the Ashen Spear, his venerable Queen Hecuba, Hector and his noble wife Andromache, his little son Astyanax, Cassandra, and all the rest whom the toil of war involves. Other stories of the many Greek epics, now lost, bring the tale of warring years up to the tenth, where the "Iliad" begins. Hector is the leader of the Trojans; Achilles has been the great fighting force of the Greeks, though now he has withdrawn in anger to his tent because of a slight put upon his honor by King Agamemnon.

The hostile hosts are advancing to the battle; a dramatic moment brings Menelaus and Paris in sight of one another. The wrath of Hector blazes out against Paris for all the evil and shame his theft of woman and wealth have brought. The gay and debonnair Paris, however, can show splendid moments. "Hector, thy taunt is just. But throw not at me the lovely gifts of golden

Aphrodite. The glorious gifts that the gods give are not to be flung away; no man could take them by mere willingness. But if thou dost wish me to battle and fight, make all the rest of the Trojans and Achaians sit down, and put me in the midst with warlike Menelaus to fight for Helen and all her goods, to see which shall conquer and prove the better man; let the rest conclude a friendship of trusty oaths; may ye dwell in fertile Troyland, and the others go back to Argos, nurse of steeds, and Achaia of fair women."

So it was that the hosts sat in high expectation in the plain, and Priam and the Trojan elders were gathered on the Scæan gate. And Priam, who bore no grudge against Helen for all the misery her fair face had brought to him and Troy—for he saw the hands of the gods in it all—called her to his side to tell him of the chiefs among whom she had once lived. Then those elders, who had long since seen their fighting days, paid the finest compliment a woman's beauty has ever received—how many thousand years ago?—as they saw Helen advancing. "No cause for anger that Trojans and well-greaved Achaians for such a woman long time should suffer sorrow." Not another

word! But those old men upon the wall have drawn for you and me a picture of The World's Desire. "But even so," they continued, "let her go home upon the ships and stay not as a source of sorrow to us and to our children after us."

The high hopes raised of settling all the troubles by the duel of the champions were in vain. The contest was inconclusive and the truce was broken.

The scene changes to Troy itself. In an interval of the battle great Hector of the Glancing Helm had gone to the citadel. And there he said farewell to Andromache, his wife, and to his little boy, a picture that has never been surpassed for true tenderness, although it was so many hundred years ago. He smiled and looked upon the little boy in silence. "Ah, Hector," she cried, "stay here upon the wall! Thou art to me father and mother and brother, too, as well as lord. The foe will attack thee alone!"

"I know the day shall come," he answered, "when holy Ilios shall perish, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the goodly Ashen Spear. But thought of him, of my mother, of my brothers, does not trouble me so much as that some warrior of the Achaians shall rob thee

of the day of freedom." He stretched out his hand to the little boy, who shrunk back to his nurse's breast in fear of the bronze and the horsehair crest that nodded dreadfully from the top of the helm. Straightway Hector took off the helm and placed it on the ground. And when he had kissed his son and tossed him in his arms, he spoke in prayer to Zeus and the rest of the gods. "Grant, ye gods, that this son of mine prove foremost among the Trojans, a good and mighty king. And as he comes back from battle may many a man say of him, 'A far better man than his father,' and may his mother rejoice in heart." And then he handed him back to his mother, who received him smiling through her tears, and so departed to the battle with words of high cheer.

There follow many scenes of varied action —the "Iliad" is one of the great collections of short stories in the world's literature—in which is given a perfect picture of the life of that lordly society of so long ago. The plain people play little part, although their champion, Thersites, is the first democrat mentioned in literature. Mighty deeds of derring-do, high adventure, love of lords and ladies, the pranks of merry children—are all pre-

served as it were in amber, and the sentiment for the most part is so modern that it is almost impossible to believe that we are reading of people who lived many hundreds of years before Christ was born.

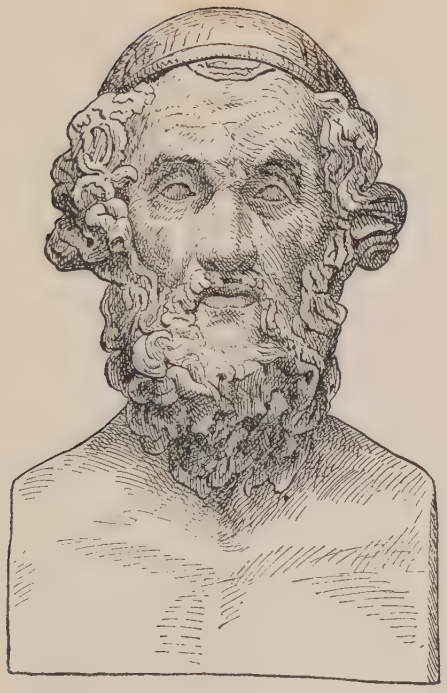
But over all impends one dreadful fate. It is a Greek tale—yet Hector, prince and leader of the foe, is the hero of the story. Of course he is not quite so strong, not quite so great a fighter as Achilles, the Greek champion, and all know that in the end Achilles will win. The great scenes are worked up to with consummate artistry. Achilles is still sulking in his tent; Hector is pressing the Greeks hard; Patroclus, Achilles's dearest friend, begs his chief to let him don his lord's armor and save his people; he has his way and Hector slays him. Achilles's anger blazes forth in all its passion. What now a petty slight? The great scene of the battle between the two inspires the poet to all his noblest power. They fight; Achilles pursues Hector thrice around the walls of Troy; Zeus weighs in golden scales the fates of the two; Hector is doomed to die; inexorable destiny may not be stayed. Achilles slays Hector and every heart but that of the victor is wrung with the pity of

it all. And in the end, even Achilles's heart is moved. For old King Priam can neither sleep nor eat while his son's body lies dead in the camp of the foe. Against the will of all that was dearest to him he gathered great store of ransom and made his way by night under the kindly guidance of the gods to Achilles's tent and sought for the body of his dear son. It is a scene of love and pity, of chivalry and greatness of heart that all the years since then have never seen surpassed. "Be not angry with me, Patroclus," prayed Achilles, "if thou shalt learn in Hades's house that I have given back noble Hector to his dear father." And Patroclus, one may be sure, shared the pity of all brave men and all true women ever since.

HOMER

IT is the charm of the stories of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" that has allured readers in all ages. As the "Iliad" is the first great romance of high adventure, of deeds of perfect chivalry and wild fighting, of brave men and noble women, so the "Odyssey" is the first great novel of adventure in strange parts, of miscreants thwarted and brought to justice by the hero, who in the end comes to his own and rescues the true wife who bides at home and waits the triumphant return of him who shall free her from the trials that beset her.

The Greeks started the modern world going. As with Icarus they thought of the flying-man, with Agamemnon of wireless telegraphy in the message he sent leaping across the sea from Troy to Argos in the flames upon the hilltops, and with Odysseus of the motion-picture in the vision of all past men and women who flitted before his eyes on his trip to the lower world, so, too, they introduced us to practically every form of human expression. The prose-romance came late in their development. The novel and the short story as they knew them for centuries were embodied in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."



HOMER

Whether one poet wrote the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" has been a question that has busied many thousands of minds. The perfect form in which they have come down to us proves clearly that many centuries contributed to the perfecting of the literary style in which they are written. The discussions over the "Homeric Problem" have laid the basis for literary and biblical criticism in modern scholarship.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

IT is the tenth year since Troy has fallen. Though the "Iliad" did not go beyond the death of Hector at Achilles's hands, other stories carried on the tale through the death of Achilles, the capture of Troy by the Greeks by means of the stratagem of the wooden horse, the sacking and burning of the city, the death of Priam and his queen, the slavery of Andromache which Hector had foreseen, the slaughter of the little son he loved so dearly, the escape of Æneas with his aged father.

After the booty had been divided, the Greek chiefs took leisurely courses to their homes. The great King Agamemnon sent his dramatic night letter, announcing to his queen at home by the light of flames leaping from hilltop to hilltop across the sea that Troy had fallen; for his pains he met the dramatic death at the hand of Queen Kly-

taimnestra which Æschylus has made forever famous in his great play, "Agamemnon"; the latter has in it the beginning of the story of Orestes, the close Greek counterpart of Hamlet. The king's brother, Menelaus, had better fortune; he had journeyed homeward with his erstwhile Queen Helen, as if the great Trojan episode had never been, and was reigning again in peace and quiet with The World's Desire by his side at Sparta, with no dread of a marauding Paris sent on the quest of beauty by Aphrodite. And so, too, the other princes had returned with varying fortunes.

But not so the Great Adventurer. Troy had taken ten years to capture; ten years more still found the wily Odysseus detained in the Isle of Ogygia by the fair Calypso. Meanwhile the patient Penelope bides at home, beset by the riotous suitors who make Liberty Hall of the absent king's palace and would force the queen to wed one of them. She, ever as alert and resourceful as her wandering lord, puts off her promise till she has woven a web—of which she each night unravels what she has done during the day.

This first great story of wandering adventure has a much more perfect unity than

the "Iliad." It centers closely about the person of Odysseus, and divides itself into three parts, the adventures of Telemachus in quest of Odysseus, the wanderings of the hero, and his return home, where with the few still faithful to him he makes himself his own detective, lays the scene for the destruction of the villains, and finally brings about the happy ending which has so constantly distressed critics of the novel and the theater since man began to write and ordinary folk to listen or to read.

In the first chapter, which comprises the first four "books" of the "Odyssey," young Telemachus, amidst the mockery of the suitors, starts in quest of his father and makes the rounds of the courts of our old friend Nestor, King of Pylos, and of Menelaus and Helen at Sparta, where he learns the whereabouts of his father, and then starts homeward.

At this moment it is at last made possible for Odysseus to start on his way home. But the sea, ever his enemy, again plays him false, and he is wrecked once more, though he is cast ashore on the land of the Phæacians. There begins in the land of this fabulous folk one of the most marvelous

adventures of the man of marvels. Probably the scene that remains in the minds of the great majority of readers of Greek literature as the fairest bit of idealized beauty in it all is the picture of the young Princess Nausicaa. She had gone down to the river mouth with her handmaidens to wash linen; their work done, they fell to playing ball upon the shore, where Odysseus, beneath the shade of the bushes, was sleeping off the weary travail of his long swim. "Then having bathed and anointed themselves sleekly with olive-oil, they took their meal by the banks of the river and waited for the clothes to dry in the bright rays of the sun. And when they had cheered themselves with food, maids and mistress alike, they began to play at ball, casting aside their veils. And for them fair-armed Nausicaa began the song. As Artemis the archer-goddess goeth down from a mountain, either lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her sport with boars and swift deer, and with her the wood-nymphs sport, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus, and Leto rejoiceth in heart, and over all she holdeth head and brows, and easy to mark is she, though all be fair—so was the unwed maid conspicuous among her attendants."

The day's work and the sport were over; they were about to depart and leave the weary sleeper under the bushes—when one last throw sent the ball spinning into the water. Instant and unanimous scream from princess and from maids!

So Odysseus was introduced to Phæacia, and the introduction proved well that the hero knew not only the ways of men, but of maids as well. Of the many pleasing things he said to the princess to win her favor, one stands out conspicuous—his comparison of her perfect youth to the young shoot of a palm-tree he had seen in Delos. Whoever has a gardener's eye knows instantly the perfect tribute.

Then followed the presentation of the royal wanderer at the court of King Alcinous and Queen Arete and the tale of his adventures since leaving Calypso's isle. The king is moved and promises to help the stranger on his way. A feast is held; the court bard sings of Troy—the stranger weeps; the king presses him to tell his story. It was a wondrous tale he had to tell, the like of which was never heard before or since. Beginning with the fall of Troy, he had made his course to Thrace, to the Lotus-eaters,

to the land of the Cyclops, when befell the adventure with Polyphemus, whose one eye he put out; next the trying experience with the perverse winds of Æolus, with the Læstrygonians, and with the enchantress Circe, who turned her visitors into swine. Then came the descent to Hades, which set the fashion for Virgil and for Dante and all the others who have essayed that great adventure. The sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, and other adventures brought the tale up to Calypso once more.

Alcinous and the Phæacians sent Odysseus on his way to his home at Ithaca. But his old enemy, Poseidon, turned the ship to stone, and the wanderer reached home alone, in the guise of an old beggarman, where he arrived as his son Telemachus was returning from his travels.

Then began the thrilling tale of the wiles and guiles to win his own from the suitors who had taken his place, the harbor of refuge with faithful old Eumæus, the swineherd, the recognition by Telemachus, the death of the true old dog Argos on sight of his long-absent master, the interview with Penelope, the recognition by his old nurse who knows him by a scar upon his leg, the final great

trial of strength between the old beggarman and the suitors; they cannot even bend the famous bow of Eurytus; he, however, strings it with ease and sends an arrow singing through the holes of twelve battle-axes, set up one behind another.

At that instant the beggarman throws off his disguise and, with Telemachus and only two faithful followers, slays the evil suitors, wins back his true wife who has waited patiently all these long years, and hastens to greet his old father Laertes.

Impossible romance? I dare say. Yet one of the most human stories ever told.

VIRGIL

VIRGIL

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born 70 B.C. and lived till 19 B.C. Like so many of the great writers of Rome he was not born at the great city, but near Mantua, in a region that produced many of the great men of the empire. He was of humble stock and constantly shows in his writings his familiarity with farm life, but despite his simple origin he received an extremely liberal education on both the Latin and Greek sides; the farmer's son finally became a friend of the great men of the time and one of the cosmopolitan figures of the empire. Despite misfortunes with his ancestral property, the patronage of Mœcenas and the friendship of Augustus allowed him to travel freely and to devote himself to a life of letters. The Greek literature of Alexandria made a great impression on him and shows itself in the "Eclogues," poems of pastoral life modeled largely after the charming Greek poet Theocritus, which in their turn have had a very great influence on that type of poems so popular in all ages. Somewhat in the same line are the "Georgics," which in charming form display a very profound knowledge of farming on the part of the poet.

They were perhaps written with the patriotic motive of starting a movement back to the farm.

The great work of Virgil was the "Æneid," which he left, however, in an unfinished state and wished to have destroyed at his death. It was to be the perfect story of his nation's origin. It has remained one of the possessions of the world's literature.

Virgil was one of the great figures of the Middle Ages. He was supposed to have foretold the birth of Christ and was regarded as the greatest pagan. It was claimed that he shared with the Bible the power of settling all difficulties; one had only to open the "Æneid"; the first passage on which one chanced gave an omen. The rôle he plays in Dante shows the esteem in which he was held.

VIRGIL'S AENEID

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

ARMS and The Man of Destiny are the subject of Virgil's story, in which he portrays the birth of a nation.

The author goes far back into history as Homer told it, to find a national hero for his people. But his story has one great difference from the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," from which it borrows so much besides a hero. Homer's tales are spontaneous stories of the great chiefs who stand at the beginning of Greek history, while Virgil, a man of letters and a patriot, who would make plausible the divine mission of his race to rule the world, deliberately chooses his hero and then makes for him a history to suit his needs. One wonders sometimes whether Æneas or the Italian nation is the hero of the great national story.

In Homer, Æneas stands alongside Hector as one of the great champions of Troy.

When the city falls he is one of the few Trojans to escape destruction. With his venerable father Anchises on his shoulders, his son held by the hand, and his wife following, he makes his way to the shore and takes ship with a large company of his following to seek a new land and found a new kingdom. But he has hanging over him the inveterate hostility of the goddess Juno, the persistent foe of all that was Trojan. It is at this point that Virgil takes up the tale of his Man of Destiny. After the fashion advised by Horace, he plunges into the midst of things.

After some six years of wandering Æneas sets sail for Italy, after he has lost his father in Sicily. His wife had long since perished. At Juno's orders the god of the winds sends forth a tempest which drives the ships to Africa. His mother, the goddess Venus, does her best to make up for the harshness of Juno, foretells to him the greatness that lies in store for him and his race, and directs him to Carthage, the rising city of Queen Dido. Happy chance brings the hero and the queen together, a generous and kindly hospitality follows, the ever-watchful Venus produces in place of Æneas's son Ascanius

her own mischievous Cupid. The Queen of Carthage can no more resist.

A regal entertainment is set before the visitors in a scene of vast magnificence. At the end of the banquet the queen demands his story from the royal wanderer, just as King Alcinous had asked the same from Odysseus. With all the magnates of her court gathered around, with Æneas's companions as well, the queen fondling the little Ascanius in her arms—remember that rogue Cupid was playing the part—the prince began the famous tale of the last night of Troy, the stratagem of the wooden horse, the story of Laocoön, and all the rest, to which follow his own escape with his people, and his many years' wanderings, his meeting with Andromache in Epirus, and all the events that had taken the six years of his life.

Then follows the famous fourth book of the "Æneid," the great story of the passionate love of Dido for the Man of Destiny. It is one of the most widely read, the most admired, the most discussed stories in the world's literature. Virgil summoned to it his greatest art; he did not hesitate to borrow from the great writers of the past, particularly from the "Medea" of Apollonius Rhodius, the

fine tale of romantic love which has come from Alexandria in the late days of the Greek genius. Virgil is not a supreme artist in the portrayal of character as Homer was, but in the picture of the tender and pathetic passion of the queen he rose to his highest point. The queen's confession of her love to her sister; the great hunting-party for her lover's entertainment; the storm that separates the hunters and drives the royal pair to a cave alone; the queen's tenderness; and then the flight of the pious Æneas; the queen's entreaties; the portrayal of all the passion of a slighted woman; and finally her own self-inflicted death as the hero flees to a higher duty—it is splendidly done. For the hero as an individual there can be nothing but the most perfect contempt. His only excuse is that he is the Man of Destiny; individuals must play a subordinate rôle in the great drama of a race. The Italian who reads the story remembers the bitter enmity between Rome and Carthage, remembers the years of trouble Hannibal was later to lay on the descendants of Æneas, and must have a reason for it all. The modern reader has a different point of view and wishes that the poet had found a more glorious rôle for the

national hero, the mighty founder of a race destined to rule the world. For Æneas thoroughly deserved the imprecations heaped upon his head by the dying Dido. Homer would have found a more human way out of the difficulty.

For the modern world the interest in the "Æneid" grows less after the great tale of Dido's passion is told. The Trojans set sail for Italy once more, and once more are driven to Sicily. There the prince celebrates great funeral games on the anniversary of his father's death, after the fashion of those which Homer pictures Achilles celebrating in honor of the dead Patroclus. The Trojan women, weary of the long wanderings, try to burn the ships, but are only partly successful. Æneas leaves them and all who wish to tarry, and at last reaches Italy, where he makes the famous descent to the lower regions to consult his father; he perhaps, after the episode of Dido, feels the need of being told again of the great destiny of himself and his race. The journey is, of course, in imitation of Odysseus's descent to Hades, and was the great model for Dante.

Æneas journeys on to the mouth of the Tiber and forms an alliance with King

Latinus, which includes marriage with the king's daughter, Lavinia. If the reader is inclined to murmur: "What, again? Naughty man!" the answer is that good Æneas has been under the burden from the first of being the Man of Destiny, and the union with the daughter of King Latinus is to produce the Latin race. But not without a final struggle on the part of the jealous Juno, who raises up enmity under the leadership of Turnus, one of the suitors for the hand of Lavinia. He can compete with fate no more successfully than could poor Dido, and after glorious battles perished in single combat at the hand of the Man of Destiny.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

MARRYAT

FREDERICK MARRYAT was born in 1792 and lived till 1848. His father was an Englishman of wealth, who sat in Parliament and was a writer of verse and political pamphlets. The son, however, had the sea in his veins, and even before he was allowed to enter the navy at fourteen he had made numerous attempts to run away to his favorite element. He served under Lord Cochrane in the famous "Imperieuse" and at once began to lay the foundation of that inexhaustible store of knowledge and experience which made him the prince of story-tellers of the sea. The daring Lord Cochrane was an admirable master; during two and a half years he showed his young midshipman some fifty engagements and bold enterprises of every sort. And the latter was an apt pupil whenever there was anything strenuous doing. Honorable mention came his way frequently; in 1818 he received the medal of the Humane Society for "at least a dozen" gallant rescues; he invented a code of signals; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society.

He began his series of twenty-four books with "Frank Mildmay" in 1829, and kept them going

for twenty years, to the delight of an expectant public. As happened in the case of so many writers included in this series of one hundred books, instant success came to one who had found a new field to interest the public.

"Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Snarley-yow," and all the rest of the two dozen tales hold a thrill for whoever loves the sea.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

MR. EASY was for natural equality and the rights of man, which Mrs. Easy did not mind, she being allowed to have her game of patience. Behold then a contented couple to whom, after eleven years of married life, was born our hero Jack. For nurse to the baby the family doctor introduced a strong, healthy young woman. Mrs. Easy, catechising her, was horrified. "What—not married! And you had a child!"

"If you please, ma'am, it was such a little one!"

The young woman joined the Easy household, where she aided every other member there to spoil young Jack; and so we have at five years of age a complete specimen of the headstrong young male. To save him from utter ruin the family doctor urged that he

be sent to a school which he could highly recommend. The parents agreed, but with the proviso from Mr. Easy that he must not be flogged.

The benevolent-looking master of this school was against flogging also. Caning, in his judgment, was more efficacious; so without troubling to tell Mr. Easy of it, he caned our hero beautifully. Thus, when at fourteen Jack came home to live, all the bully was gone from him. In place thereof was a great disposition to argue things, with natural equality and the rights of man as his favorite themes.

Two disputatious people under one roof were too many. Jack's father packed him off to sea in H. M. sloop *Harpy*, where he very soon learned that the natural equalities were not in high favor. If he was not towed ashore on a grating by a court-martial order for some of his socially anarchistic opinions when his ship arrived at Gibraltar, it was probably because the captain of H. M. S. *Harpy* was indebted to Jack's father for the loan of one thousand pounds.

Jack's radical opinions did not lessen his naval zeal. As midshipman in command of the ship's second cutter in a certain expedi-

tion he ignored the recall signal and so lost sight of his own ship; but losing sight of her led to the capture of a fine big enemy ship; and among this ship's passengers was a lovely Italian girl whom Jack treated with great courtesy, even to seeing her safely ashore in a near-by port.

Being the only officer in his force, it was Jack's duty to navigate the prize back to Gibraltar. "Simple enough," he said. "The land was on our left hand coming out; it should be on our right hand going back"; and he was doing pretty well on that theory when a gale of wind came along and blew him out of sight of land.

In the cargo of their prize the crew had found some casks of wine, to which they helped themselves, and, coming to a group of islands where Jack put in to reconsider his navigation, they went ashore and got gloriously drunk. Their wine gave out. They hailed the ship for more. Jack said no. They set out to swim to the ship after it, but sharks caught three of them; the others returned aboard on Jack's terms.

Jack sailed his prize over pretty much the whole Mediterranean before he found his own ship again. He had been gone two

months. But such a story as he had to tell! and fourteen thousand dollars he found in the cabin of the prize helped out the telling it. His captain commended him, but also advised him to give a little time to the study of navigation.

As Jack grew older he began to have his doubts of the natural equalities. For one thing the ship's boatswain, Mr. Biggs, was getting on his nerves; likewise Easthupp, the purser's steward, forever insisting that a gentleman should be treated as a gentleman. Having been a London pickpocket before entering his Majesty's Service, he was probably over-sensitive.

One day, after what Mr. Easthupp termed "hinvidious" remarks had been passed all around, Jack challenged Easthupp and Biggs to a duel, adding that he would fight them both or none, and at the same time. The arrangements were intrusted to Mr. Tallboys the gunner, a man of most exact mind. "Both or none, and at the same time—what did that mean exactly?"

"Ah, of course! Three combatants, three positions." Mr. Tallboys got out his *Art of Gunnery*, and drawing an equilateral triangle of twelve paces on a side, he said:

"Each principal will take a corner. By this method each party will get in his shot and be at the same time shot at by another party. A fair proceeding all around, you see."

The arrangement pleased Jack mightily. Mr. Biggs, after a while, also agreed. "Shot for shot, I dare say it's all right," admitted Biggs. Nobody cared what Easthupp thought—he was stood on his corner. The question came up as to who was to fire at whom. "As sailors," explained Mr. Tallboys, "you should of course fire with the sun. That is, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, who will fire at Mr. Easthupp, who will fire at Mr. Easy. And now, if you please, take stations. Cock your locks! Take good aim! Fire! Stop your vents! Very well done."

Where Easthupp's bullet went nobody could say, probably into the ground. Jack's passed through both of Mr. Biggs's cheeks. "A pretty business!" sputtered Mr. Biggs. "How am I to pipe to dinner with my wind escaping through these holes in my cheeks?"

The boatswain's bullet had caught Mr. Easthupp in a tender rear spot, which caused that gentleman to roar so loudly that

every one said he must be dead, or dying at least. Jack was scared, or pretended to be. He wrote a note to Captain Wilson, saying he feared he had killed Mr. Easthupp, and so he would stay ashore for a time to see what came of it.

This happened in Malta. With Midshipman Gascoigne, his second, carrying a pair of dueling pistols, Jack sailed on a speronare with a crew of four men and a boy to Italy. During the night the crew, having seen too many of Jack's doubloons, tried to kill the lads; but the lads killed them instead —all but the boy, who providentially fell overboard and was drowned.

A storm overtook their little craft and threw her high up on the shore of Sicily. While looking about them, they saw an elderly and a young lady beset by two robbers with long swords. An old gentleman was lying unconscious on the ground. Jack and Gascoigne drove off the villains. The old gentleman turned out to be a Don Ribiera de Silva, the lady to be Donna Clara, his wife, and the brunette young beauty, Donna Agnes, their daughter. On a second look at Donna Agnes, Jack knew her for the young lady passenger of his prize ship. At

the home of Don Ribiera, where the lads were later made welcome, he fell deeply in love with her.

Easthupp did not die; and the boys returned to their ship, where their captain read them a fine lecture on discipline and conduct, and the value of a regular study to develop their minds. Jack at once began the study of Italian.

His general conduct in the next two years was such as to promise an early promotion; but one day there came a letter from home informing him that his mother had died, and also that if his father was not mad he soon would be. Jack went home on leave, and there found his father working on a mechanical invention which was to rectify the mistakes of nature—to preserve to the human species the finer organs and destroy the baser. While demonstrating this invention the poor man had his neck broken.

A midshipman with eight thousand pounds a year was an anomaly in the service. Jack secured his discharge, the better to look after his estates. But as time went on he found himself thinking of Donna Agnes; so much so that one day he purchased a fast little armed brig, named her the *Ribiera*, procured

letters of marque, and sailed for Italy. Here Agnes became his excellent and affectionate wife; eventually, in England, she became the mother of four children.

Having given up the sea and his early theories about the equalities, Jack stood for Parliament on the Conservative ticket and was elected; and all without too much expense, which was remarkable.

CHARLES DICKENS

DICKENS

IN G. K. Chesterton's searching study of Charles Dickens, he points out what an extraordinary difference there is between the popularity of Dickens and the popularity of the most eagerly read English writers of to-day. People read a Dickens story six times, says Mr. Chesterton, because they know it so well. If they can read a modern popular novel six times, it is only because they can forget it six times.

One reason for this difference is the vividness with which the people of Dickens stand out. There are dozens of characters in Dickens whom readers feel they know better than they do their most intimate friends. One has but to think of Dick Swiveller or Quilp in "The Old Curiosity Shop" to see them moving past. And there are others in this book and in all the novels who are so familiar that the mere mention of their names conjures them into life. Much as we like and are thrilled by the men and women who dare and love in the popular stories of to-day, there are none of them whom we should recognize as quickly if we saw them in the street as we would Micawber or Mrs. Gamp or Sam Weller

or a host of others created more than half a century ago.

It was the writer's imagination that made his characters seem giants when they are placed beside the characters of later men. It is this imagination, "now humorous, now terrible, now simply grotesque," that Professor Saintsbury terms "of a quality which stands entirely by itself, or is approached at a distance, and with a difference, only by that of his great French contemporary, Balzac."

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
FREDERICK H. DOLE

A LITTLE child—the beautifully-drawn character sketch of such a one as the Divine Master so often chose to hold up as a model for His followers—this is our heroine.

Though not yet fourteen years old, she could look back on better days gone by. Then her grandfather was happy and contented and had often talked of her angel mother. She had walked with him in the fields beyond the city's noise, and they had there enjoyed many delightful hours.

Now he has changed. He is anxious, worried, and secretive. He often sends the child on business to the house of the hateful dwarf, Quilp. He is away from home every night, returning just before day, and is filled with gloom whenever he comes back. The

child cannot comprehend the reason for this change.

She tells this to the sympathetic Mrs. Quilp, while the monster who has loaned her grandfather money listens at the door. He has supposed the old man to be possessed of great secret wealth and to be in the way of making much more money if only he could be carried over a temporary emergency. But the child's statements to his wife make the dwarf suspicious. He investigates and finds that Nell's grandfather has taken his loans to the gaming-table and has lost.

"I am no gambler," cried the old man, fiercely, when accused by Quilp. "I call Heaven to witness that I never played for gain of mine or love of play; that at every piece I staked I whispered that orphan's name and called on Heaven to bless the venture—which it never did."

He cried out that his winnings would have been made from evil men and would have been spent on a sinless child. Quilp was unmoved by his appeals for further aid. He had a legal hold on the old man's curiosities and other property and brought his lawyer to take possession of the premises. Kit, the servant-boy of Nell's grandfather, had

angered Quilp by calling him names, and the dwarf took revenge by telling the old man that Kit had informed of the gambling.

Early one morning, before Quilp and his lawyer awoke, Nell and her grandfather crept softly out and left their home forever. They had visions of fair fields and country scenes through which they would journey. The child had learned that she must be the leader, and he followed willingly. She had a little money, but they must depend upon charity when that was gone.

The first day they made a long journey and were given a ride by a kind countryman. They stayed that night at an inn with two Punch and Judy showmen for whom Nell had done a bit of mending. With them they went to the races the next day, but Nell became suspicious of the men and escaped with her grandfather into the open country.

Nearly exhausted by another long walk, they arrived at a school playground. The schoolmaster kindly took them home, and they stayed there a few days, obtaining needed rest.

Continuing their journey, they next met with a traveling wax-figure show, and Nell so favorably impressed Mrs. Jarley, the

manager, that she received employment. Her bitterest experience came at this time.

Her grandfather fell in with some gamblers and lost nearly all their money. She had a gold coin of which he knew nothing. She changed this in payment for their night's lodging, but awoke to find her grandfather robbing her purse of every coin in order to gamble again. A short time later Nell heard the gamblers persuade him to steal from Mrs. Jarley, holding out the hope that he would win much more than enough to repay her secretly.

Poor Nell was now in absolute terror. She woke him that night and told him of a terrible dream wherein she saw men like him robbing those asleep. She made him flee with her at once.

On and on they walked, farther and farther from London. Finally they came to a smoky town. A poor workman took the tired child in his arms and led the way near the furnace-room of a huge factory, where they could sleep warmly.

The poor girl was nearly exhausted, but in the morning they pressed on their journey. At last they saw a familiar form. The child screamed and fell senseless at the feet of the

schoolmaster. He carried her gently into a near-by inn, and there she gradually recovered by means of stimulants, food, and rest.

The schoolmaster had received what was to him a princely appointment. He had been given a position paying thirty-five pounds annually in a distant town, and he was walking there. He had loved Nell since he first saw her and begged them to go and live near him. Entirely friendless except for him, they went gladly. Their new home was in a beautiful, peaceful village. Nell obtained a position as caretaker of the church, and they lived next door to the schoolmaster.

Now the old man's servant, Kit, had obtained an excellent position near home by being strictly honest in his dealings with a kind old man, Mr. Garland. He had never lost his desire to find and help Nell and her grandfather.

A strange gentleman appears in the story in search of the same personages. He proves to be the old grandfather's younger brother, who has lived abroad many years. He has made much money and has returned to share it with his aged relative, who has now disappeared. After one unsuccessful journey,

he found out where Nell and her grandfather were living. Taking Kit and Mr. Garland along, the younger brother traveled to the village. They arrived there late at night, but Kit discovered the old man at once. He asked for Nell, and her grandfather said she was asleep. Then the younger brother, Mr. Garland, the schoolmaster, and an old man who had befriended Nell entered.

Poor Nell had been dead for two days. "There upon her little bed she lay at rest. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death." Worn out by her long journey, her lack of food, her exposure, and the anxiety for her grandfather, she had never recovered from the strain, although her last days had been spent in perfect peace and joy.

The old man was found dead upon her grave not long afterward.

How Kit's honesty had once been questioned because of a plot laid against him by the wretched Quilp and his lawyer; how his innocence had been proven through the testimony of the lawyer's servant-maid, a

starved, abused child; how the humorous Dick Swiveller assisted in freeing Kit, and how he was rewarded; how the horrible dwarf met a well-deserved death by drowning —all these side-lights to the main story of Little Nell are told in Dickens's own inimitable way. But they must ever be regarded as mere accessories in the development of the short life history of one of the most pathetic and lovable characters in our literature.

O mightiest master of the pen of English fiction, we thank thee for the gift of Little Nell, to show us by her love and innocence and faith how much of God may reside in humanity.

COOPER

TO James Fenimore Cooper's boyhood may be traced his genius for picturing primeval forests and adventures alive with thrill. Son of a hardy and vigorous pioneer, he lived by a rushing stream at the very edge of a deep, mysterious wilderness, in which lurked wild men and wild beasts. About the great roaring fire in his father's hospitable hall sat men of indomitable will and daring. They had grappled with nature and with men in their most primitive ferocity. They told true but lurid tales of doings that profoundly stirred the child's imagination. These men risked death and torture to carry on the life of their new country; so the boy James was saturated with that patriotism which vividly rings through his life and characterizes so clearly his writings.

Small wonder is it that this child later set himself the task of describing the frontier scenes of his native land, and achieved the famous "Leatherstocking Tales" which have kindled the hearts of so many adventure-loving boys. Of these "The Pathfinder" and "Deerslayer" seemed to Cooper himself his best novels. They were both violently assailed when they

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

first appeared, because their author had created so much personal hostility. Nevertheless, they had large sales, and of "The Pathfinder" no less a personage than Balzac writes: "It is beautiful, it is grand. Its interest is tremendous. I know no one in the world save Walter Scott who has risen to that grandeur and serenity of colors. Never did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil."

The early influences of Cooper's life probably led also to the activities of his last years, when he devoted himself to vast agricultural experiments. His father had helped to conquer the forest; he set himself to conquer the soil.

THE DEERSLAYER

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

WHEN the young white hunters, Deerslayer and Hurry Harry, reached the Lake Glimmerglass, the Hurons were on the warpath. Floating Tom Hutter, the only settler on the lake, knew the red men's ways and had built his house on piles, a quarter of a mile from shore. With him lived his daughters, Judith, handsome and flirtatious, and Hetty, a young woman with the mind of a child. Hurry Harry, a handsome giant of the woods, had been one of Judith's many wooers.

Floating Tom had another home, the *Ark*, a crude houseboat propelled by sweeps and a sail. Here the hunters found him. As the *Ark* passed an overhanging sapling, warriors, bedaubed by war-paint, leaped for the roof. They fell into the lake, but yells and pat-

tering bullets from shore told that they were out in force.

Hutter was a hardy fighter, Hurry had the strength of ten ordinary men, and Natty Bumppo had won his name of Deerslayer because of his unerring aim with the rifle. They might have withstood a siege of weeks. But Hutter and Hurry, tempted by the bounty for scalps, determined to raid the Indian encampment, where they expected to find only squaws and children. Deerslayer refused to join this cowardly warfare. But warriors were in the tents and the raiders were captured. Deerslayer, now the sole reliance of the girls in Hutter's lake-girdled house, could not attempt their rescue.

His simple honesty and his modesty made a profound impression upon Judith, who had hitherto listened too willingly to the honeyed words of English officers. Her arts were forgotten in the presence of this naïve woodsman who was blind to feminine wiles.

Although the Indians had no canoes, Deerslayer knew that they could quickly make rafts, and he was glad enough that he had agreed to meet at the lake that night his dearest friend, the young Delaware warrior, Big Serpent. At sunset he ma-

neuvered the *Ark* near the rendezvous and Big Serpent leaped aboard. The bank resounded with exultant yells, and a score of savages splashed into the water. Deerslayer and Big Serpent bent to the sweeps and foiled them. Big Serpent's hatred of the Hurons was white hot, for they were carrying into captivity his betrothed, the lissome Hist-oh-Hist.

It was simple-minded Hetty who first went to the rescue of Hutter and Hurry. She believed that reading her Bible to these savages would soften their hearts. She was allowed to converse freely with the captives, for the Indians had a superstitious belief that the gods spoke through those whose wits were weak. Her pleading words, however, fell upon deaf ears. Deerslayer, with keener knowledge of Indian character, ransomed Hutter and Hurry with some ivory chessmen that the red men deemed idols.

While the released captives slept and the girls watched, Deerslayer and Big Serpent paddled away to rescue Hist-oh-Hist, who had sent word by Hetty that she would be on a conspicuous point of land when a bright star came out over a hilltop. The star came out, but Hist did not appear. The Delaware

and his paleface comrade crept noiselessly to a ridge where they could overlook the encampment. Big Serpent chirruped like a squirrel, and Hist, guarded by an old hag, was so suddenly silent that they knew she understood.

At last the two women passed them. Big Serpent dragged his beloved toward the canoe; Deerslayer clutched the old woman, but her screams alarmed the camp. He ran for the canoe, but as he pushed it off an Indian landed squarely upon his back. Deerslayer thought not of himself, but gave the canoe so powerful a shove that it glided a hundred feet away. He tumbled into the lake, arose with his assailant, and they floundered in breast-high water. He was quickly surrounded, so he surrendered quietly.

Morning came and the *Ark* was swept toward the house. The keen eyes of Hist detected a moccasin floating against a pile and Big Serpent was sure the Hurons were within. Hurry and Hutter laughed at him and clambered inside through a trap-door. Hardly were they within before there was a heavy fall. To the sharp ears of Big Serpent, the whole house seemed alive. Now and

then an Indian yell sounded or a deep bellow from Hurry.

Big Serpent dared not desert the three girls. Suddenly the door burst open and Hurry came raging forth upon the small platform. He stood panting, eying his enemies. Then he seized one brave by the waist and flung him far into the lake; two others quickly followed. Four were left. They were without arms and had little desire to close with this demon. He kicked one into the water, he doubled up another by a prodigious blow. The bigger of the two remaining closed with his white foe. They wrestled fiercely upon the narrow platform. Then Hurry raised the red man high above his head, hurled him down, and fell heavily upon him. But at that moment of conquest his arms were bound from behind. The Indians whom he had flung into the lake had scrambled out in time to pinion him.

As the *Ark* drifted past, Hist cried out to Hurry to roll off. He obeyed and fell with a great splash into the water. Hist threw him a rope, which he clutched with hands and teeth, the bullets of the outwitted Indians fell short, and Big Serpent pulled the exhausted giant on board. The Hurons

left the house, and when Judith reached it her father was dying. He had been scalped while still alive.

The two men were soon rejoined by Deerslayer, who had accepted a furlough, promising to return at noon the next day if Hist and Judith refused to become Huron squaws. To Hurry's disgust, Deerslayer announced that he intended to keep his pledge. It meant death by torture, and Hurry could not understand how honor could drive a man insane. The giant left the lake stealthily that night, but promised to guide back a company of soldiers.

Judith, having dismissed Hurry forever, tried to tell Deerslayer that she loved him. But the hunter was so humble and Judith so beautiful, that he would not understand. He knew, moreover, that Judith had not always resisted the caresses of an English officer.

The sun was directly overhead when Deerslayer strode back into the Huron encampment. He haughtily refused to save his life by wedding the widow of a warrior he had shot, whereupon her brother hurled a tomahawk at the captive. Deerslayer's hand shot up and caught the weapon as it flew.

An instant later it drove back and struck his foe between the eyes.

It gave him his opportunity to escape. As the Indians ran to the dead man's side he burst away with the speed of a deer. Behind him he heard the savage yells of his pursuers. Bullets whistled past, but he ran on untouched. At the edge of a gully, he leaped upon a fallen tree, shouted as if gloating over a free trail ahead, and then crept beneath the tree. His foes jumped upon it as they bounded along, but one after one they raced into the gully. Deerslayer doubled back, reached the lake, and threw himself into the canoe. The paddles were gone and he had to drift, lying flat in the bottom. Bullets cut the sides, making peep-holes. Just as he thought himself safely away, the fickle wind changed and he was driven back, again a prisoner.

The Hurons were now enraged. They bound him, and the young warriors flung tomahawks at him, trying to see how close they could come. This was but preparatory to the tortures. Then Judith, desperate in her love, stalked out of the trees to save him. Her impassioned words had no effect and the fires were kindled at his feet. Hetty leaped

forward and stamped out the flames. Then Big Serpent bounded forth and with a rapid thrust cut Deerslayer loose. In his hands were two rifles, and for a moment the Hurons were dismayed. The warrior who had hoped to wed Hist hurled his knife at his rival, but Hist struck up his hand and he fell, Big Serpent's knife quivering in his breast. The red men scattered for their guns, but now a tramping was heard. Redcoats appeared among the trees, led by Hurry. Deerslayer's rifle crackled and two Hurons fell. The rest, cut off from escape, were butchered or made prisoners.

Hetty was mortally wounded, but none of the others were hurt. Judith flung away her reserve as they were leaving this scene of bloodshed and implored Deerslayer to marry her. But he remembered her past, and her beauty could not move him. She turned away and walked on with the soldiers. The captain had been her ardent wooer of the past, and rumors came later to America that on his great English estate lived a lady of rare beauty who did not bear his name. Whether or not it was Judith, Deerslayer never knew.

He trod another trail, with Big Serpent

and Hist, back to the Delawares. The Hurons long knew his wrath, but fifteen years passed before he saw Glimmerglass again. His heart beat faster as he looked upon the ruined house and *Ark*, upon that silent sheet of lovely water fringed by deep woods and green hills.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH

AUERBACH

BERTHOLD AUERBACH, German novelist, was born on the 28th of February, 1812, at Nordstetten in the Württemberg Black Forest. His parents were Jews, and intended their son for the ministry; but after studying philosophy at Tübingen, Munich, and Heidelberg, and becoming estranged from the Jewish orthodoxy by the study of Spinoza, he devoted himself to literature.

Auerbach's beginning was a most fortunate one, as he wrote a romance on the life of Spinoza (1837) "so interesting in itself, and so close in its adherence to fact," that it may be read with equal advantage as a novel or as a biography. He also translated the works of Spinoza.

The author won his fame chiefly through his stories of peasant life in the Black Forest, in which he depicts the life of the South German peasant, as Albrecht Bitzius painted the peasantry of Switzerland.

After writing many stories of this order, Auerbach later returned to his first phase as a novelist, and wrote "On the Heights," and other romances of a more speculative and philosophical tendency, turn-

ing upon plots invented by himself; but with the exception of "On the Heights," which has always been a great favorite, these romances were not very popular.

Auerbach died at Cannes, France, on the 8th of February, 1882. A list of his works contains "Dichter und Kaufman," "Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten," "Barfüssele," "Edelweiss," "Das Landhaus am Rhein," and a number of others.

ON THE HEIGHTS

By BERTHOLD AUERBACH

Condensation by
REV. R. PERRY BUSH, D.D.

A GERMAN court. A king stately of bearing and of good report. A queen sweet and beautiful, but abhorring those who in the least digress from the straight and narrow path, and intent above all else in preserving her own immaculate purity.

The Lady of the Bedchamber, Countess Irma von Wildenort, daughter of a noble sire, who spent his life in improving his domains and serving his neighbors, but who lived alone and self-centered, leaving his children to grow up with little of his advice and not too much expression of his affection. Doctor Gunther, Physician to the Queen, a man straightforward and truthful, whose wife and daughters never appeared at court.

These, with Countess Brinkinstein, the high-priestess of etiquette and decorum—

Bruno, Countess Irma's brother, and others who appear less prominently, were the characters, the intermingling of whose lives furnishes a story of the expiating of sin, full of warning to those who are on the brink of wrong-doing and replete with suggestion to the self-sanctified.

The story opens with the birth of a prince in the royal household. A nurse from the highlands is found in Walpurga, wife of Hansai, a humble peasant, whom the queen kissed upon her arrival, and this, being so contrary to the etiquette of the court, is taken up by the scandal-mongers and recorded in the newspapers, offending the king and awakening his thought that the queen is weak and sentimental.

Countess Irma, because of her official position, has access at all times to the young prince's apartments, and it is soon apparent that she is fast attaining royal favor. One day the king lays his hand upon hers and looks at her in such a manner that Walpurga tells her it is improper, but is advised to attend to her own affairs, and the countess, writing to a friend, boasts that the king prefers her above all others and that he has given her a feather from an eagle that he shot.

Later, when they are alone together, the king asks the countess if, when they are by themselves, he may call her his "true comrade," and makes remarks implying that the queen and he are not in closest harmony.

The devotion of his wife, however, is abundantly attested by a mighty struggle through which she passes. She was a Protestant and the king a Catholic and out of love to him she resolves to give up her religion, but instead of pleasing his Majesty this only makes him angry, because he takes it to be another token of her weakness, and he gets Doctor Gunther to dissuade her from such a course. He also sends flowers every day to Countess Irma, who is flattered, but away down in her heart she is offended and she writes her friend that she feels herself altogether alone in the world.

Soon after this the king goes on a hunting trip and he asks the queen to have the countess write to him about the baby prince. The queen begins to be suspicious of her husband and the scandal concerning the relations of the king and Irma increases.

In the midst of the turmoil the countess is called home to her father, but he and she did not understand each other, and when,

after a while, a letter signed by the king and the ladies of the court requests that she return to them, Irma, after some hesitation, complies, and one day near a statue of liberty for which the countess was the model the king clasps her in his arms and imprints the "kiss of eternity" upon her lips. Later at a ball he tells her that she is beautiful and that he loves her, and she consoles herself with the thought that "the priest gave him to the queen, but nature gave him to her."

At an opportune moment her brother Bruno tells Irma that her actions are the talk of the town and the best way out of the matter is for her to get married. Colonel von Bronnen, a noble courtier, proposes to her but is rejected, and the countess begins to realize that, "It is hell to be conscious of guilt and yet remain beside a pure and happy creature."

In the mean time Walpurga completes her term of service, and before leaving for home calls upon Irma, who gives her a bag of gold won at the gaming-table the night before.

In the little village in the highlands, every one at first patronized Walpurga and Hansai, but, receiving no favors at their hands, the people show that human nature is the same

there as at court, for they circulate all sorts of scandalous tales concerning them; but when the happy couple purchase an extensive "freehold" the good wishes of all their old friends go with them to their new abode. At this juncture some one at court writes to Irma's father, informing him that she is "the king's mistress," and at the news he is fatally stricken, but before he passes away he presses his hand to his daughter's brow and she interprets the act as setting there the mark of Cain and wears a bandage over it forever after.

Irma is now in a terrible state of mind, and when the king writes to her, "I alone can kiss away the shadows that cloud your brow," it only increases her desperation and she resolves upon suicide.

She writes thus to the queen: "I expiate my crime in death." And to the king: "We are treading the wrong path. You belong not to yourself alone, but to your people. Death is my expiation for sin. Life must be yours. God knows we did not mean to do wrong."

On the way to end her life the countess meets a pitiable woman who had been ruined by her brother Bruno. This woman drowns

herself in the lake and Irma stumbles on, bruised and bewildered, and is found by Walpurga and Hansai on their journey to their newly purchased freehold. Concealing her identity from all but Walpurga, she accompanies the party to their mountain home.

Report of the countess's death soon spreads abroad and search is made for her body, but no trace of it is found, yet a tablet is erected by the lake bearing this inscription: "Here perished Irma, Countess of Wildenort, in the twenty-first year of her life. Traveler, pray for and honor her memory."

Back at court, the king, upon receiving Irma's letter, is deeply repentant and saddened by the reflection that "there is no greatness without morality." He goes to the queen's room to ask her forgiveness, but she is full of bitterness and feigns to be asleep, and later she vents her spite and vituperation upon him.

The king thinks that Doctor Gunther is responsible for this, and the physician is discharged and goes back to live in his old home in the highlands.

For three years Irma lives with Walpurga, supposedly dead, but really expiating her

sins and so growing in sweetness and purity that all who enter her presence look upon her as an angel and are lifted and inspired.

At length on a day when the king and queen and the court are at a near-by village Irma, fatally ill, sends for Doctor Gunther, who hastens to her side and, placing his hand upon her forehead, pronounces this benediction: "In your father's name I bless you and with this kiss I kiss away your burdens. You are free."

Walpurga hastens to the queen, who is now stricken with self-condemnation for her hateful spirit and her unjust pride in her own virtue. She realizes that Irma's penance is one through which she herself ought to pass, and when she reaches the shepherd's hut there is mutual forgiveness.

The king has been hunting in the vicinity. Since receiving Irma's letter he has lived a manly life and in penitence has sought to promote the welfare of all his people. Word is conveyed to him of what is taking place, and he rides with all haste, but arrives on the scene only to find that the countess has passed away; but his heart leaps with joy when the queen turns to him with the cry: "Forgive me, Kurt. You have expiated.

You—alone. She—alone." Her Majesty takes out an amulet, which she has worn next to her heart. It is the betrothal ring the king had given her, and he puts it again upon her finger and clasps her in his arms.

The countess was laid at rest at early dawn. Down in the valley the king and queen were reading her journal. "They gazed at the rosy dawn and lifted their eyes to the mountains—to where Irma had been buried, On the Heights."

MEDALLION OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Sr.
At the age of 27 years, by David, of Angers

DUMAS

ONE man could hardly have written the extraordinary number of books that are credited to Alexandre Dumas. The fact was angrily brought up in the novelist's lifetime, some hostile critics pointing to an output of sixty volumes in a single year and asking how this could be justified.

Dumas did employ a host of collaborators and his partiality for jokes made his practice seem worse than it really was. On one occasion an ardent admirer ventured to remark that he had found a mistake in geography in one of the novels. "Which one?" asked Dumas. The worshiper gave the title. "Oh, the devil!" cried the novelist. "I have not read it. Let me see, who did that for me? It was the rascal Auguste. I'll fix him for that."

The truth about "Dumas and Company" is involved and difficult to reach. There are novels bearing his name that the great romancer probably had little to do with. But these are not his great tales.

His principal collaborator was Auguste Maquet. He was an able writer, but, as many critics have pointed out, Maquet without Dumas would hardly be remembered to-day, while Dumas without Ma-

quet would still be Dumas. Almost always when he worked with Maquet, Dumas would suggest the subject for a story. Then he would draw up an outline and put down chapter headings and divisions. Maquet would then fill in the outline and afterward Dumas would rewrite the whole story, usually adding and altering a tremendous amount and infusing it with the genius that was lacking. It was Maquet who worked with Dumas upon "The Three Musketeers" and its sequels.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Condensation by
CAPT. ANDRÉ MORIZE

"ALL for one; and one for all!"

This was the oath of the four comrades: of d'Artagnan, the young guardsman, and of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the three musketeers.

Only three months had d'Artagnan been in Paris, yet already he was the chosen companion of the noblest three in M. de Treville's picked company of Musketeers, in the service of Louis XIII. A true Gascon, fiercely proud, ready to fight at a word, the eighteen-year-old provincial lad had won the respect of the glorious three by challenging them, and their friendship by helping them to drive off the cardinal's guards who would have arrested them for dueling. Indeed, this latter exploit had won for d'Artagnan more than a glance from the king himself,

who was not displeased to see Richelieu's men worsted by his own.

At Meung, even before reaching Paris, d'Artagnan had had an honorable encounter, his adversary being a tall, commanding stranger of olivine complexion and scarred on the cheek. A beautiful woman had accompanied this man. Both their faces were stamped on d'Artagnan's memory.

Before he could be admitted to the Musketeers d'Artagnan was to serve probation as a guardsman; but already he was a Musketeer in spirit and his comrades longed as keenly as he for the day when he would be allowed to join their company. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis were alike only in soldierly qualities. Athos was of noble bearing, and when he was drunk he would talk of a secret sorrow; Porthos was a great lover of ladies, and declared that his conquests would bring his downfall; Aramis, who had friends in the Church and a sweetheart at court, pretended that he was only temporarily a Musketeer, and would willingly change his plumed hat for a monk's cowl when the time came.

One day d'Artagnan's landlord, Bonancieux, burst into the room with news that

Mme. Bonancieux, a pretty seamstress in the service of the queen, had just been abducted. From the landlord's description d'Artagnan recognized the abductor as his man of Meung and was anxious to help, the more so when he learned that the object of the abduction was to force the lady to tell what she knew of the love-affair between the queen and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was coming secretly to Paris.

It was in their resolve to protect Mme. Bonancieux, for whom the impressionable d'Artagnan had suddenly conceived an undying affection, that the four comrades came together in their oath.

"Remember," said Aramis, "henceforth we are at issue with the cardinal."

Aided by d'Artagnan, who fought off the cardinal's officers, the lady contrived to escape. He declared his love for her, but she would promise nothing. Next time he saw her she was conducting the Duke of Buckingham, disguised as a musketeer, toward the royal palace. If d'Artagnan had followed he would have learned that the queen did indeed love Buckingham, but was loyal to the king. As a token she gave

Buckingham twelve diamond studs that the king had given her.

A spy reported this to Richelieu, who saw in it an opportunity to attack the king, the queen, and the duke all at once. First Richelieu asked the king to give a ballet for the queen and to ask her to wear the diamond studs, and then he sent a message to Lady de Winter in London, telling her to steal two of the studs from Buckingham. Learning of this plot through Mme. Bonancieux, d'Artagnan resolved to serve both his lady and his queen by recovering the jewels. For London the four comrades set out. Beset by the cardinal's men on the road, three were wounded, and only d'Artagnan reached London. There was just time to replace the stolen studs and return to Paris, which d'Artagnan reached on the night of the ballet, foiling Richelieu's plot.

He now set out to find his comrades. Porthos he found in bed at an inn, Aramis disputing with doctors of theology, and Athos drunk in a wine-cellar, airing his secret sorrow and defying the landlord to eject him. In his youth, Athos confessed, he had been tricked into marriage with a beautiful fiend, who, he later discovered, carried on her

shoulder the executioner's brand, the fleur-de-lys. Horror-stricken, he had slain her.

In church next day d'Artagnan's eye was caught by a very beautiful lady whom he recognized as the one who had been with the stranger at Meung. Following her from the church, he saw her talking with an Englishman, and, drawing close, he heard her call this man her brother-in-law, Lord de Winter.

D'Artagnan fell deeply in love with Lady de Winter, but his ardor cooled when he learned that she was a cardinalist plotter. By a trick he obtained from her a sapphire ring, which he showed to Athos.

"Where did you get this?" cried Athos. "It was my mother's."

D'Artagnan told him.

"Renounce that woman," said Athos. "She is a fatal creature."

That night d'Artagnan accused Lady de Winter of treachery. She rushed upon him and, in avoiding her blow, he pulled her dress from her shoulder.

There was the executioner's brand—the fleur-de-lys.

At this time the war between England and France was at its height and the siege of La Rochelle was beginning. Richelieu, learning

all that d'Artagnan had done, tried to buy him into his own service. D'Artagnan refused, knowing that refusal might cost him his life. The three musketeers set out now to discover the cardinal's next move. Eavesdropping, they heard Richelieu instruct Lady de Winter to go to London and there tell Buckingham to order that the English surrender, warning him that if the war continued Richelieu would expose the queen. If Buckingham refused, he was to be assassinated. For her part, the lady asked Richelieu for the death of d'Artagnan, who knew her secret, and of Mme. Bonancieux, who had thwarted her so often.

Half an hour later Athos was alone with the woman.

"The Count de la Fère!" she cried, deathly pale.

"Yes, my lady," said Athos. "You thought me dead, as I thought you dead, and the name of Athos concealed the Count de la Fère, as the name of Lady de Winter concealed Anne de Breuil."

Athos took from his false wife the carte-blanche passport Richelieu had given her and sent her to the coast, where a boat waited to take her to England. She could

not disobey, knowing that Athos could expose her.

Back to the siege the four comrades then went, and, in order to be together to discuss their plans, they spent an hour in the Bastion of St. Gervais, withstanding all assaults. Between attacks they talked, and as a result they sent messages to Lord de Winter, exposing his false sister-in-law and heiress, and to an influential friend of Aramis, asking for the name of the convent where Mme. Bonancieux was confined.

Thus on her arrival in England Lady de Winter was seized and imprisoned in her brother-in-law's castle; but, exercising her wiles upon her young jailer, she contrived to escape, and so poisoned the jailer's ears against Buckingham that he was ready to do her deadly work. Sent by de Winter as a messenger to the duke, he plunged a dagger into Buckingham's side. De Winter arrived in London one minute too late to save the duke, but a messenger from Paris was just in time to deliver to Buckingham the queen's pledge of love. He died with the queen's name on his lips.

Now Mme. de Winter had fled to France—to the convent of Bethune, where Mme. Bo-

nancieux was. By poison she accomplished her purpose, and when d'Artagnan and his comrades arrived at the convent they found the body of the pretty seamstress. They set out in pursuit of the murderess, and when they found her they held a formal trial and condemned her to death. An executioner was found — the very man who had put the brand upon her shoulder years before.

The next day d'Artagnan was arrested and taken before the cardinal, his captor being none other than his "man of Meung," who now called himself the Chevalier de Rochefort. D'Artagnan told the cardinal of the crimes of Lady de Winter, and finally produced the cardinal's own passport, absolving the bearer.

Admiration overcame anger in the cardinal. Instead of ordering d'Artagnan's imprisonment, he wrote out there and then a lieutenant's commission in the Musketeers. D'Artagnan offered the commission to his three friends in turn. All three refused it, protesting they did not deserve it. Besides, Aramis announced that he was about to enter the Church, and Porthos said he was about to be married. Athos thereupon wrote

upon the blank commission the name of d'Artagnan.

As for Rochefort, d'Artagnan fought him many times, but at last they decided that they were both too good to die, and they became friends.

DUMAS

OF the romantic heroes of all time, the d'Artagnan of Dumas may be rightfully ranked as king. He stands best the test of rereading. Other figures, even the most glowing, pale a little from their first glory when you read about them a second time; many are but ghosts on a third reading. But the gallant d'Artagnan grows clearer and brighter as you read and reread the three matchless romances wherein his memory is enshrined.

Dumas found his material in a book called "Les Mémoires d'Artagnan," by Courtils de Sandras. Here were not only the hero, but the grave Athos, the subtle Aramis, and the burly Porthos, Milady and many others familiar to all who love the romances. Thackeray liked this d'Artagnan of the memoirs better than the d'Artagnan of Dumas, but it was a partiality that few others have shared.

Who that has once read the romances will forget his first thrill as the Gascon rode into Meung? It might have been a rainy day without, but it was bright indoors. And then the plunge into stirring fighting and d'Artagnan's introduction to the three musketeers who were thereafter to be four. The loyal

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Sr.

comradeship, the glow of adventure and romance—these thrill the world to-day as they did seventy-five years ago when "The Three Musketeers" was first published.

And then, eighteen years after the murder of Buckingham, the curtain rises again and the musketeers are seen in England. And again the curtain falls and rises and we are with them once more in France. You have no feeling of relief when you come to the end. You echo Stevenson's words, "Adieu—rather than au revoir! Yet a sixth time, dearest d'Artagnan, we shall kidnap Monk and take horse together for Belle Isle."

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Condensation by
REV. R. PERRY BUSH, D.D.

FEW of us with red blood in our veins ever lose our interest in deeds of chivalric valor and adventure, and Dumas is a master in his delineation of soldiers of fortune—their fatal marksmanship, their matchless wielding of sword and rapier, and their hair-breadth escapes.

In *Twenty Years After* he presents his "three musketeers" somewhat more matured and not as rollicking as when we met them in their early manhood, but just as ready to champion the needy and unfortunate.

Louis XIII of France is dead. His son, the king, is but ten years of age. The mighty Richelieu is in his grave. Mazarin is cardinal, and though but a ghost of his illustrious predecessor, he holds almost ab-

solute control over the queen — Anne of Austria.

The conditions are opportune for a story of personal daring and bloody encounter.

Mazarin is an Italian and is universally hated. Paris is leagued against the ministry, and the soldiers of the royal guard are attacked and their lieutenant, Cummings, is wounded. Everywhere there are forebodings and cries of "Down with Mazarin." The cardinal disguises himself and inspects the city. He finds the "Frondeurs"—the insurrectionists—in full sway. Somehow he must secure trusty servants or downfall awaits him. D'Artagnan, the lieutenant of the Musketeers, is recommended, together with his three sturdy colleagues. Count de Rochefort is brought from confinement in the Bastile to testify to d'Artagnan's allegiance, and is freed by the mob while being taken back to prison. Mazarin is in despair and he tells the queen that "the whole world conspires to break their bonds," and d'Artagnan is directed to find his three friends and attach them to the royal service. Aramis—Abbé d'Herblay—is an ecclesiastic in love wth Mme. de Longueville. He hates the cardinal and refuses.

Porthos—the giant—living in luxury as M. de Valon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds, desires above all else to be a baron. He enlists.

Athos — M. de la Fère — reformed from drink and devoted to a young ward — Viscount de Bragelonne—is still, as of old, a noble-minded lover of the people, and will not serve the cardinal.

Two for, and two against Mazarin, therefore, the musketeers make their way to Paris, where there is great excitement because of a prophecy that Duc de Beaufort—the grandson of Henry IV and the idol of the populace—will escape from the dungeon of Vincennes before Whitsuntide. Beaufort hates Mazarin and uses ingenious means of ridiculing him. Grimaud, a servant of Athos, is set to guard him, and he, with Count de Rochefort, effects his escape; and d'Artagnan and Porthos, seeking to recapture him, have an encounter in which they are taken prisoner by Athos and Aramis, but are set free and the four pledge mutual friendship. Meanwhile the preparations for insurrection are intensified and a new ally of the popular cause is found in Abbé Scarron—"the queen's invalid," who is in control of the mendicants

of Paris and whose pension has been cut off by Mazarin. Another important character is also introduced at this juncture—a wounded soldier calls for a priest, and he who responds proves to be the Monk Mordaunt, a desperate character whose sole aim is to avenge the death of his mother, in which the "three musketeers" participated. Learning from the man to whom he ministered that he had been the executioner of Milady, Mordaunt stabs him to the heart and then makes his escape.

At this time Lord de Winter, uncle of Mordaunt, comes with a letter from Charles I of England to Queen Henrietta, who is an exile in France, telling of the desperate straits in which he is placed by the troops of Oliver Cromwell and directing her to entreat Mazarin to grant him asylum. Henrietta goes to plead with the cardinal, but is preceded by Mordaunt, who is an envoy of Cromwell, bearing from the Puritan leader the message that "to receive King Charles will be equal to flagrant hostilities."

The queen's petition is accordingly refused and she is in great despair; but de Winter tells her there are four men who might be able to save her husband. Of the four

Athos and Aramis are persuaded to make the venture and they leave for Boulogne secretly, followed and spied upon by Mordaunt, leaving d'Artagnan and Porthos in the service of Mazarin.

But affairs grow worse in Paris. The archbishop of the city is ridiculed at court when he warns the queen not to provoke civil war, and, though the cardinal tries to assuage his anger by a gift of gold, he goes forth as a leader of the Frondists and instructs his curates to excite insurrection. Count de Rochefort commands a detachment of soldiers, and Abbé Scarron, the Beggar of St.-Eustache, displays a signal from the tower of St.-Jacques which summons thousands to barricade the streets.

Every Frondist wears a straw in his hat. Everywhere there are cries of "Down with Mazarin"—"Long live Broussel." Riot is rampant in all parts of the city and the tumult swells to a revolution. The mob presses forward to the very gates of the royal palace, demanding the release of Counselor Broussel, who has been imprisoned. "Never!" cries the queen, but the gates are stormed and she yields, and Broussel is enthusiastically welcomed by the populace.

Affairs are now so serious that the queen resolves to leave Paris. D'Artagnan and Porthos effect her escape, and that of Mazarin, and the court is established at St.-Germain; after which the two cavaliers are sent to England with a message from Mazarin to Cromwell. They are ordered to obey an officer who proves to be Mordaunt, of whom Aramis has by letter warned them to beware. They make their way to the royalist camp at Newcastle, where Mordaunt bribes the Scotch Highlanders to desert their king, and when Charles attempts to escape an engagement takes place, during which d'Artagnan and Porthos take two prisoners, who turn out to be their old friends Athos and Aramis. Mordaunt recognizes them and is, by Cromwell, allowed to dispose of them as he will, but they get away before he can seize them.

The four musketeers meet and resolve to rescue King Charles. They get the captain of his guard into a game of cards and make the attempt, but Mordaunt appears with soldiers and they flee to London, disguise themselves and attend the trial and execution of the king. They corner Mordaunt in Cromwell's house, but he escapes from them

by a secret passage and they plan to get back to France.

They engage a vessel to take them across the Channel, but Mordaunt is ahead of them, hiding in the cabin. There are five barrels of powder aboard which he intends to explode after making his escape in the small boat. But his diabolical plan is discovered; the four friends with their servants cut the small boat adrift; the vessel blows up and Mordaunt, trying to drown Athos, is killed.

The musketeers reach France and find the Parisians furious. The queen, having been asked to retire, had answered with a threat, and the populace demanded that Mazarin retire at once from court, and in a week from France. Civil war ensues, and at the battle of Charenton Aramis and Athos learn that d'Artagnan and Porthos have been arrested. Athos goes to the queen to secure their release and is himself seized, and all three are imprisoned in the pavilion of the orangery at Rouel; but they overcome the guard and seize Mazarin and bear him away to Porthos's château, where they make him sign a treaty with the Frondists, which is afterward confirmed by the queen.

Porthos obtains his baronetcy and d'Ar-

tagnan is made captain of the Musketeers. The queen returns to Paris. Aramis leaves for Normandy, accompanied by Mme. de Longueville. Athos retires to his estate at Bragelonne. Porthos goes back to Bracieux.

D'Artagnan remains in the royal service, hoping some day to be maréchal of France, saying to Madeleine, his hostess: "Give me your apartment on the first floor. Now that I am a captain in the Musketeers I must make an appearance. Nevertheless, still keep my room on the fifth story for me; one never knows what may happen."

COLLINS

WHEN Wilkie Collins met Charles Dickens, his future was shortly decided. The lives of the two were intimately connected thereafter. Dickens was conducting "Household Words," and for it Collins contributed, as he did for "All the Year Round," also in charge of Dickens, a large number of tales.

The close friendship and co-operation of Dickens not only found the direction for Collins to follow, but it seemed to lead him to the type of story on which rests his fame, that in which the skilful unwinding of an intricate and exciting plot, and the construction of a thoroughly involved mystery, baffle the reader in a maze of details and circumstances. He might lack humor, fail to appreciate the finer shades of character, but he certainly conceived some striking personalities; for his own type of story he was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries.

"The Woman in White" (1860) was his great success; "The Moonstone" (1868) was a close second in the opinion of a large and devoted following of readers.

WILKIE COLLINS

THE MOONSTONE

By WILKIE COLLINS

Condensation by
JESSIE A. PARSONS

BEFORE the Mohammedan conquest the moon-god, in his Brahmin shrine, wore upon his forehead one of the most beautiful diamonds in creation. "Partly from its peculiar color, partly from a superstition which represented it as partaking of the nature of the deity whom it adorned, and growing and lessening in luster with the waxing and waning of the moon, it first gained the name by which it continues to be known in India to this day—the name of 'the moonstone.' After passing from one lawless hand to another, in 1850, 'after the lapse of eight centuries the moonstone looks forth over the walls of the sacred city in which its story first began.'"

Throughout this long period the moonstone had been sought diligently by three Brahmins

and their successors. Their vigilance was, in 1848, rewarded by the sight of the resplendent gem gleaming on the bosom of a light-hearted girl. Rachel Verinder had received the moonstone as a legacy from an unscrupulous uncle who was in high disfavor with the family. And he, knowing that the moonstone brought ill-luck, had made the gift in revenge.

Although thoroughly admired at Miss Verinder's birthday dinner, the stone began to exert its uncanny influence on the atmosphere of the party. Two rival suitors were present—both cousins of Rachel Verinder. One, Godfrey Ablewhite, persuasive in manner and eloquent as chairman of many charitable organizations, lived in the neighborhood and had hitherto gained the advantage which propinquity gave him over Franklin Blake, lately returned to England, bringing the moonstone, after several years spent on the Continent. The latter was a guest of Mrs. Verinder three weeks before the birthday, where his graciousness and congeniality to Miss Verinder made him most welcome. Hence it was not surprising that Rachel fell in love with him and refused the importunities of Godfrey Ablewhite just before the

birthday dinner. This major tension, accompanied by various misunderstandings on the part of other guests, ended in a dispute between the family physician and Franklin Blake over the latter's sleeplessness, in which the doctor failed to convince him that medicine could triumph over his nerves.

On hearing a drum the guests rushed to the terrace to be confronted by three Indian jugglers. At a word from one of the diners, a celebrated Indian traveler, the intruders hurriedly retreated. This surprising turn of events argued for putting the moonstone into especially safe keeping, but Miss Rachel, with ideas of her own, insisted on placing it in an unlocked Indian cabinet in her dressing-room. The company then dispersed, leaving Franklin Blake, who looked wretchedly, and Mr. Ablewhite together. After much urging Mr. Blake decided to take brandy and water to help combat his sleeplessness.

The household was startled next morning at the disappearance of the moonstone. Franklin Blake, always alert, was instrumental in bringing in the nearest police. Rachel became exceedingly angry at their intrusion and was deeply offended with Franklin Blake for securing them. The

chief of police succeeded in making a mess of affairs and was superseded by the famous detective Sergeant Cuff.

The chief of police had aroused the resentment of the servants by examining their boxes; Sergeant Cuff wished to begin with the personal effects of the family, not looking for the moonstone, but rather for an article of clothing bearing a paint stain from the door of Rachel's boudoir. Every one acceded but Miss Verinder, who gave a most decided refusal. The only servant suspected by the sergeant was Rosanna Spearman, who had been rescued from misfortune by Lady Verinder. She was discovered by Sergeant Cuff to have bought a quantity of plain white cloth and made and laundered a new garment in her room when supposed to be ill with a headache. Miss Rachel's point-blank refusal to have her possessions searched and her decision to leave her home ended in gaining her point and the dismissal of the detective, who left the Verinder home convinced that Miss Rachel had disposed of the diamond through the connivance of Rosanna Spearman in order to pay some pressing debt.

Rachel and Lady Verinder spent some

little time in London, where Rachel was ordered by her physician to have as much gaiety as possible to counteract the depression of recent events. Franklin Blake left for the Continent and Godfrey Ablewhite again resumed his attentions to Rachel. Shortly after leaving Lady Verinder's country home for London, Godfrey Ablewhite was summoned to a strange house by an unknown person, bound, gagged, and searched by a tawny-skinned individual. On the same day a notorious money-lender met with a like experience in the exact spot where Mr. Ablewhite was maltreated, only that in his case a receipt for a valuable left at a banker's was removed from his loose papers. The news of the disappearance of the moonstone having reached London, an ugly suspicion began to attach itself to Godfrey Ablewhite, only to be dissipated by the emphatic assertion of Rachel Verinder: "I know that Godfrey Ablewhite is innocent!" Soon after this Rachel became engaged to Mr. Ablewhite, although she told him her heart was elsewhere. He seemed, however, to be quite satisfied with this condition until after Lady Verinder's death, when he had an opportunity to examine her will. When Rachel's

lawyer found this out and communicated it to Rachel she dismissed Godfrey Ablewhite, on suspecting him of wishing to marry her for pecuniary reasons. He accepted his dismissal more gracefully than his father, in whose house Rachel was residing after the death of her mother. Mr. Bruff, her lawyer, then made arrangements for her to live with one of her aunts.

At this time Franklin Blake was quickly summoned to England by the death of his father. In his unhappiness he visited Lady Verinder's old home, where he found things sadly changed, with no one in charge except a faithful old steward. This servant told him that there was a letter waiting for him from Rosanna Spearman which her confidant would deliver into no other hands than his. The short letter contained directions to search on the seashore for a hidden box. The box held a garment stained with a smear of paint from Miss Rachel's boudoir and marked with the name of Franklin Blake. A long letter explained that the garment had been hidden there by Rosanna Spearman on account of her love for Franklin Blake and her hopes of shielding him from discovery. Immediately knowing that there must be

some mistake, Mr. Blake tried in vain to see Rachel in London by all fair means. His resort to a trick to accomplish this ended unfortunately and they parted in great bitterness. Rachel's words, "You villain, I saw you take the diamond with my own eyes!" spurred him to do all in his power to prove his innocence.

He returned to the country house and soon met the assistant of the family physician, with whom he had disputed at the birthday dinner. Doctor Candy had caught a severe cold that night, which with complications still affected him mentally and bodily. His assistant had taken in shorthand the doctor's delirious ravings, and after studying them had found out what was preying upon the doctor's mind. In the tumbler of water measured for Franklin Blake the night of the birthday a small quantity of laudanum had been placed. Sleep-walking results were immediately suspected and even Rachel was persuaded to have the experiment repeated under conditions as nearly possible like those of the year before. Her aunt came with her to chaperon this strange house party, and all eagerly awaited the experiment. Franklin Blake walked in his sleep as far as the

cabinet, which held a mock diamond. Although he let this stone drop to the floor as the effects of the medicine wore off, his innocence was established and the two lovers were reconciled.

The time had nearly come when the money-lender was to take from the banker's the valuable which he had deposited there. Detectives watched the bank and several people near the money-lender were followed on wrong suspicion. A shrewd office-boy took upon himself to follow a large man with a dark beard. This man had taken refuge in a low-class boarding-house, awaiting the sailing of his steamer for Rotterdam. Franklin Blake and Sergeant Cuff hastened to this house and found the man had been murdered, presumably by an Indian. The detective, on removing the black beard and pasty complexion, revealed to the onlookers the fair hair and ruddy features of Godfrey Ablewhite.

Thus the Brahmin priests, after patiently waiting for eight centuries, were able to restore to the moon-god his famous moonstone.

MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN

WILKINS-FREEMAN

MRS. MARY ELEANOR WILKINS-FREEMAN is a direct descendant of the Puritans. In her was born an understanding of old New England, its quaint and lovable people and their ways. She spent her childhood and youth in Randolph, the place of her birth (January 7, 1862), and in Brattleboro, Vermont. So she knew her New England characters through intimate contact during many years.

Wide reading and keen observation were most important factors in Mary Wilkins's early education, although she took a course at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. Nevertheless, her first manuscript was so ungrammatical and involved that it was rejected.

The girl writer, however, knew in her heart that she was destined to tell the stories that filled her imagination. Quite undaunted by rejections, she toiled at writing until "The Humble Romance" and "The Revolt of Mother" established her fame. "But," says the first publisher who read her work, "the hard work, the reading, and the study that the little sensitive-faced woman put in must have been stupendous."

These stories, with "A New England Nun and Other Stories" and "Silence and Other Stories," won her distinction as a skilful writer of short stories, rich in suggestiveness and charm. She excelled in sympathetic interpretation and analysis of the wonderful patient life about her. This is true in her novels as well as in her short stories.

"Jerome: a Poor Man," "The Jamesons," and "The Portion of Labor" are among those which have been widely read.

Miss Wilkins is married and lives in Metuchen, New Jersey.

JEROME: A POOR MAN

By MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN

Condensation written by special request by
MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN

FOR a poor New England boy, Jerome Edwards, the tragedy of life began at the age of ten. His father, Abel Edwards, had gone, that morning, with his wagon and old nodding white horse, to his wood-lot to cut wood for Doctor Prescott.

Doctor Prescott had an obsession for owning land. When there was a lack of ready money to pay his exorbitant bills, he seized with avidity upon a mortgage, and he foreclosed without grace or mercy.

Doctor Prescott had held a thousand-dollar mortgage upon the Edwards house for years. Jerome had always a fancy of it as a huge black bird with hissing beak perched upon the ridge-pole.

The old white horse coming home, turning out at the beck of a phantom driver for the

bad places in the country road, was met upon his arrival at the Edwards cottage with wild shrieks in a woman's voice, a child's frightened sob, and a boy's sober answer to the eager questions of a small mob of men and boys following after.

There was an immediate rush to the woodlot, but Jerome had reached the spot the first of all. On the shore of a black pool of water, reputed among the boys to be bottomless, he found his father's hat. Jerome weighted it with stones and flung it in. Then he bolted for home by another route. "Let 'em say father drowned himself now," he gasped out as he ran.

Abel Edwards had been missing two years when Jerome, studying the situation day and night, knew the truth: They could never, although they half starved themselves, meet the interest of the mortgage. He made a plan.

He went to consult Squire Eben Merritt. The squire was a notable hunter and fisher and had been bent that morning upon a fishing excursion. He was the kindest man in the place, not rich as had been his ancestors, but lived as a rich man, being possessed of generosity which is the real Horn of Plenty.

Jerome looked straight at the squire and made his little speech. He had rehearsed it often. When he had finished, the squire burst into a great roar of laughter and caught the boy by the shoulder. "You don't mean you planned this all yourself?"

"Yes, sir. I've been layin' awake nights, plannin'."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"By Jove!"

Then a lovely, gentle little girl stole into the room. Her dimpled arms and neck were bare and her shower of gold curls fell to her waist. She wore a frock of soft blue below which showed the finest starched pantalets and little blue Morocco shoes. The squire turned and caught her up, and she sat on one shoulder, with his golden beard spreading over her blue skirt.

The squire told Jerome to call on Doctor Prescott and show his plan.

A small, dark, very kind, and quick lady, who was the squire's wife and Lucina's mother, showed Jerome the door, and he went down the street in a daze. Jerome almost forgot the important paper he carried.

He had never seen a little girl like Lucina Merritt.

Jerome called on Doctor Prescott, who deigned to read his paper and then summarily dismissed him. He hated him in a strange way for a man to hate a boy. On his way home Jerome encountered Squire Merritt coming out of a woodland road with a great string of fish. "What luck, son?" he called out.

"He turned me out. I'd like to kill him."

The squire laughed and made Jerome walk along with him to his sister Camilla's, who kept elderly maiden state in the old Merritt house.

Jerome always remembered that hour of tea-drinking and cake-eating in the arbor with Squire Merritt and his sister and little Lucina, as he would have an especially beautiful turn of his kaleidoscope of life.

Until he was much older Jerome did not fully comprehend in what way Eben Merritt had solved his financial difficulties. Then he discovered that the squire had made great sacrifices of his none too large competency to buy from Doctor Prescott, and take the Edwards mortgage into his own hands.

Now life began to look brighter for Jerome. He could not go to school in the ordinary sense, so he went direct to Nature. He, in his scanty free time, roamed fields and woods. Jake Noyes, a queer character who ostensibly was Doctor Prescott's coachman, but who had been permitted to assimilate, and some said had even been taught, much of the doctor's medical lore, taught Jerome much about simples.

Jerome attained a local under-celebrity, since he gave aid for nothing and with success.

Gradually Jerome's business ideas developed and strengthened. There was an exceptional chance for a sawmill in the village. He went one evening to Lawyer Means with a request that he should sell two hundred and sixty-five dollars' worth of his land on Graystone Brook, and came away with the deed. He then began to save for the mill.

In those days he worked like a tiger, for he was in love. That meant he had become a conqueror of all foes in his path and achiever of the impossible.

Lucina Merritt had come home from school and he had seen her in church Lu-

cina Merritt was a very great beauty and her father contrived to deck her out like one. He bought a little white horse for her. Then Lawrence Prescott came home, and was often seen cantering about with Lucina, on a blooded horse his father owned.

Jerome worked harder. Occasions multiplied during which he and Lucina met. At first she wondered at him obviously with dilating blue eyes; then she began to blush softly.

Jerome's looks at her could have but one meaning.

In the mean time Elmira Edwards had her own little romance with Lawrence Prescott, but it promised to be an unhappy one. Lawrence was threatened with disinheritance, and Elmira dismissed him. Then she fell ill, and that night was in a high fever. Lawrence came and she did not know him. Lawrence went home and had a scene with his father.

As under the circumstances Prescott could not be employed, a doctor from Westbrook was sent for. Elmira was ill several weeks. Lawrence and his mother were assiduous in care and attention.

Her illness cost so much that Jerome had

not been able to make good the deficit caused by a loan to Ozias Lamb, to prevent a foreclosure of a mortgage on his little home. The loan had postponed his mill. Sometimes Jerome reflected with bitter amusement upon the bet made in the village store a few years ago. Egged on by some village wags, Doctor Prescott and Simon Basset had signed before Lawyer Means a document whereby they promised to pay, for the benefit of the poor, ten thousand apiece, if Jerome Edwards should ever have twenty-five thousand and give it all away.

Jerome thought it the safest business deal in all creation. Meanwhile he worked so hard he seldom saw Lucina. He had not the time to call upon her. He was sure that they understood each other, although no formal engagement had been made. He was sure that Lucina understood that he could not call because he was working so hard for her sake. But Lucina did not understand. She grew thin and pale, and her parents, fearing a decline, sent her West for a change.

But he was not sure when she returned from the West, looking blooming, and sent him a little note informing him sweetly but

firmly that they would be friends but nothing more.

Even then Jerome did not believe. His faith in the girl was almost sublime. However, he made no attempt to see her and did not answer the letter. He worked harder and harder.

The mill was built and work began. Jerome set himself a certain sum to be earned before he went to see Lucina.

One day the village was startled by the news that Col. Jack Lamson had come into a fortune of sixty-five thousand dollars from some old mining stock, and had gone to Boston with Lawyer Means upon business connected with it.

Shortly after that the village had another shock. Abel Edwards came home. He had been all the time on a farm fifty miles away, and had brought home all his earnings in a tin box.

But nobody in the village knew that the box had been robbed in a country tavern where Abel had stayed overnight, and Jerome had replaced the stolen gold with some from a secret hoard of his own.

Jerome was prospering, when one night there came a rain that was almost a cloud-

burst, the brook ran in flood, and the next morning the mill was carried away.

Jerome for the first time gave up hope, when Colonel Lamson suddenly died and left twenty-five thousand dollars to him, twenty thousand to Lucina, five thousand to Eben Merritt, ten thousand to John Jennings, five thousand to Lawyer Means.

People at once remembered the old bet in the store. Would Jerome give away the money? He soon set doubts at rest. He gave the money to the poor of the village, and a factory was to be set up, using the money as capital stock.

The bet was not binding legally. Prescott knew, but did not fail to abide by his word. Simon Basset hung himself before he knew he need not pay a dollar unless he chose.

Squire Merritt's wife took a hand. She offered Jerome the five thousand dollars which her husband had inherited, to build a new mill, but Jerome refused, although he knew that it meant giving up Lucina.

Mrs. Merritt said that she inferred that he did not wish to marry Lucina. Jerome burst out with mad vows of his love for Lucina.

Mrs. Merritt returned that he loved his

pride more. Finally Jerome yielded. They were standing outside under a tree, talking, and in the parlor were Elmira and Lawrence Prescott, talking. Everything was settled happily for them. Doctor Prescott had given his consent.

When Jerome met Lucina in the parlor she clung to him and wept at first, then she drew him to a little damask sofa and took a letter from her pocket. They read it together. It was from Col. Jack Lamson, dated just before his death. In it he begged that the sum of twenty thousand dollars be regarded by Lucina as a dowry,

to be employed by you both when you wed Jerome Edwards, for your mutual good and profit during your married life.

I am, dear Miss Lucina, your obedient servant to command and your affectionate foster-father,

JOHN LAMSON.

P.S.—I meant Jerome's twenty-five thousand to be used as he used it.—J. L.

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CHARLES DICKENS

DICKENS

DICKENS did not live to be an old man, as "old age" is reckoned in our own time. When the end came, on the evening of the 9th of June, 1870, he had lived only four months beyond his fifty-eighth year. The news of his death was received as a universal calamity throughout the civilized world. The "London Times," in suggesting that the only fitting resting-place for the remains of such a man was in the Abbey in which the most illustrious Englishmen are laid, declared:

"Statesmen, men of science, philanthropists, the acknowledged benefactors of their race, might pass away, and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of Dickens. . . . However pre-eminent in station, ability, or public services, they will not have been, like our great and genial novelist, the intimate of every household. Indeed, such a position is attained not even by one man in an age."

Dickens had left instructions that he be buried privately, without previous public announcement of time or place, and without monument or memorial. He had preferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester Castle wall, or in the little churches of Cobham or Shorne; but all these were found to be

closed. The demand that he be placed among England's great dead in Westminster Abbey, united in by all England from the dean of the Abbey to the humblest citizen, finally prevailed. It was arranged that there should be only such ceremonial as would be consistent with the injunction for privacy. And on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th of June, all was carried out with the knowledge of those only who by right might assist at the burial.

Flowers were put upon the stone flag in the floor under which the body lay; and for years after the burial fresh flowers were newly strewn there by those who came to the spot as to a shrine. The inscription upon the stone is:

CHARLES DICKENS
BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH 1812
DIED JUNE THE NINTH 1870

Near him lies David Garrick; and facing the grave on its left and right are the monuments of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Dryden.

Dickens's last spoken words were, "Yes, on the ground," in reply to the words of his sister-in-law, when he was stricken at the last, she having exclaimed, "Come and lie down."

Of his own life and work he once said: "I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country on my published works," as a reason why he desired no laudatory inscription over his grave.

BLEAK HOUSE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
WILDER DWIGHT QUINT

THE celebrated case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce had droned its way through the dusty, musty Chancery Court in London for how many long years only a few bewigged and fuzzy barristers knew before I, Esther Summerson, came to feel something of its deadening touch. This scarecrow of a suit had become so complicated that no man alive knew what it meant. It was once about an old Jarndyce will, but was now only a question of costs, and they were eating up the original property every day. People were dragged into it whether they would or no. More than one tragedy it had occasioned. I was told that Tom Jarndyce, a despairing suitor, had said one day of Chancery: "It's being roasted at a slow fire; it's being stung to death by single bees; it's being drowned

by drops; it's going mad by grains." And then he went and shot himself. But Chancery brought me many strange experiences, some bitter sorrows, and a great happiness.

My childhood knew no mother. My earliest recollection was of a kindly woman who called herself my godmother. Once I had asked her about my real mother, and she had replied: "Your mother, Esther, is your disgrace, and you were hers." When my godmother died I was told by Kenge and Carboy, great London lawyers, that a guardian had been appointed for me and that his name was John Jarndyce; that he had been asked to receive into his home a ward of the Chancery Court, a young lady, and that I was to be her companion and was to go to Bleak House, down in Hertfordshire, to live. Then first I met my beautiful, darling Ada Clare, and her handsome distant cousin, Richard Carstone (also a ward in the terrible Chancery), a gay, unstable boy whose love Ada soon returned—alas—for in the end they were married and Richard, chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, passed out of the world forever.

Through my guardian, a kindly, hearty gentleman nearer sixty than fifty, perhaps,

I met many people of low and high degree. Of the latter were Sir Leicester Dedlock and my Lady Dedlock, great personages in rank and fashion, with a fine town house in London and a superb country estate, Chesney Wold, off in Lincolnshire. Sir Leicester had married for love, rumor had it, a bit beneath him. But my lady showed no signs of that. She was proud, cold, haughty, they said, with beauty still, not yet in its autumn. Sir Leicester, twenty years older, was a man of worthy presence, ceremonious and stately. He had supreme faith in two things—the British aristocracy and Lady Dedlock.

My lady was in Jarndyce and Jarndyce through some almost forgotten ancestor. One afternoon in her London mansion Mr. Tulkinghorn, the family lawyer, was with her in connection with the case. Mr. Tulkinghorn, I came to know, was a rusty, silent man, the butler of the legal cellars of the Dedlocks; grown rich out of aristocratic marriage settlements and aristocratic wills; an oyster of the old school whom nobody could open.

"Who copied that?" cried my lady, impulsively, as she caught sight of some handwriting on a legal document before her.

"Why do you ask?" queried the keen lawyer, struck by her animation and unusual tone. "Anything to vary this detestable monotony," she returned, then fainted.

With Mr. Tulkinghorn to wonder at anything was to investigate it. Why had my lady asked about that handwriting? Why had she fainted? Perhaps Snagsby, the law stationer, who had had these papers copied, could enlighten him. Yes, Snagsby knew. It was the work of a gloomy, poverty-stricken recluse calling himself Nemo and lodging over one villainous Krooks's rag-and-bottle shop. Thither they go and up into the squalid chamber. Nemo is lying on his wretched bed, his eyes staring, his body motionless. "God save us, he is dead!" exclaimed Mr. Tulkinghorn.

I heard of the inquest through Mr. Guppy, a shrewd young law clerk who made hopeless calf love to me. The only witness who seemed to have known the dead man was Jo, a forlorn boy crossing-sweeper, and he knew little except "'E wos good to me, 'e wos." But Mr. Tulkinghorn docketed Jo for further use. Meantime, "I have seen the man whose handwriting attracted your attention," he wrote Lady Dedlock. And

soon after, on a visit to Chesney Wold, "I found him—dead," he tells my lady face to face. And whether each evermore watches and suspects the other, what each would give to know how much the other knows—all this is hidden for a time in their own hearts.

The faithful Mr. Guppy, whom I could never encourage because—well, because there was Dr. Allan Woodcourt, for one thing—gave me the news of Jo's arrest for loitering, and of the strange story he told in explanation of money found on him. They took him to Snagsby's, and this was Jo's tale: "They're wot's left, Mr. Snagsby, out of a sov'ring as wos give me by a lady in a wale as said she was a servant, and as come to my crossin' one night and asked to be showed this 'ere 'ouse and the 'ouse wot him as you give the writin' to died at, and the berrin'-ground wot he's berried in. And I done it."

And now why did Snagsby hurry off to grim old Tulkinghorn with this odd tale? And why did Mr. Tulkinghorn at once call in Bucket, a great London detective, to go and fetch Jo? And was there any dark import to the bit of melodrama in the lawyer's office where the waif was shown a veiled woman dressed as a servant? "It's 'er, an' it ain't

'er," he had said, gazing raptly at the figure. "I know the wale an' the bunnit an' the gownd; but it ain't 'er 'and, nor yet 'er rings, nor yet 'er woice. It's 'er, an' it ain't 'er."

"There ain't a doubt," Bucket had whispered to Mr. Tulkinghorn, "that it was the other one with this one's dress on."

Meantime I had had my first glimpse of the celebrated Lady Dedlock. My guardian had taken us all down to Lincolnshire to visit a friend, and it was in the little parish church I saw her. Shall I ever forget the rapid beating at my heart occasioned by the look I met as I stood up? Shall I ever forget the manner in which those handsome, proud eyes seemed to spring out of their languor and to hold mine? And, very strangely, there was something quickened within me, associated with the lonely days at my godmother's. I was soon to know what this meant, and, curiously enough, through Mr. Guppy.

My impossible suitor, it seemed, had noted a resemblance between myself and Lady Dedlock. He had learned by chance that my name was not Esther Summerson, but Esther Hawdon. Hoping to help me,

straight to Lady Dedlock he went with his news. She received him haughtily, but when he informed her that he had found that his cherished Esther was Esther Hawdon, "My God!" had burst through her icy reserve.

Life went on for a while with charming grace and pleasantness at Bleak House. Then the darkness of a terrible disease encompassed me, and when I had recovered my face was so sadly changed that I hardly knew myself. To recuperate, my guardian took me down to Lincolnshire, near Chesney Wold. And there I met Lady Dedlock again.

I was resting on a bench in the beautiful wood near the great mansion one day when she came and sat down on the seat beside me. Suddenly she caught me to her breast, kissed me, fell down on her knees, and cried to me: "Oh, my child, my child, I am your unhappy and wicked mother! Oh, try to forgive me! I had thought you dead in infancy. My cruel sister told me so." Then I felt a burst of gratitude, through all my tumult of emotion, that I was so changed that I could never disgrace her by any trace of likeness.

But at once I knew that our secret was not safe. My mother told me of the cold and crafty Tulkinghorn, already suspicious

of her and ready to charge her with the truth.

"Could you not trust him?" I had asked.

"I shall never try," she replied. "The dark road I have trodden for so many years will end where it will. I follow it alone to the end, wherever the end be."

Soon I knew that the merciless Tulkinghorn was hot on the scent. Journeying down to Chesney Wold, he told my mother that he knew everything and would hold her in his ghastly grip, awaiting his own time for revealing the story to Sir Leicester. Nor did the pitiless solicitor give her much time of grace. When the Dedlocks returned to their stately London house he sought my lady and declared to her that soon, perhaps on the morrow, his duty demanded that he inform Sir Leicester of his wife's former disgrace.

"I am quite prepared," she said, icily, as he started for home. But, with an inward fire consuming her, she would walk in the garden for an hour or more, she told a flunkey. No, she would need no further escort.

The next morning London rang with the news that the great lawyer, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the trusted solicitor of nobility, the impregnable guardian of family confidences,

had been found by terrified servants in his bedchamber in Lincoln's Inn Fields, lying face downward on the floor, shot through the heart.

Oh, with what fear I heard this. If—but then came the newspaper report that Mr. George, a fine and hearty ex-soldier, who had been heard to threaten Mr. Tulkinghorn because the lawyer had squeezed him financially, and who had been seen at Lincoln's Inn Fields on the night of the murder, had been arrested, charged with the crime. But why? The mystery was not solved, it seemed. Mr. Bucket, I found, was still on the trail of—some one. Then one day Mr. Bucket told my lord that it was not the soldier who had killed Mr. Tulkinghorn, but a woman. And he went on with all the story of my mother's early disgrace with Captain Hawdon, and how Mr. Tulkinghorn had discovered it, threatening her with exposure; how my lady had been seen going out on the night of the tragedy and how a veiled woman had been noticed near the lawyer's rooms at the same time. "It is my duty to tell you this," said the detective, "to prepare you for the revelation I am about to make. Others know of it; you must." Then in was brought

Hortense, my lady's discharged French maid (who hated my lady and hated Mr. Tulkinghorn still more because he had refused to pay her hush-money on account of the masquerading scene before Jo), and Mr. Bucket proved her guilty of the murder and arrested her on the spot. But they left my lord stricken with paralysis, his proud figure beaten to the earth.

Next I heard that my poor mother had fled the great London mansion, leaving a letter for Sir Leicester confessing her youthful shame, but protesting her innocence of the murder. "Full forgiveness; find—" wrote the baronet on a slate for Mr. Bucket.

Then began the strangest chase that was ever known. Bucket came for me, and we left the inspector's office in London before two of the morning in a barouche with postilion and post-horses, Mr. Bucket seated on the box. A wild, uncanny ride it was, down by the waterside, over the London bridges, crossing and recrossing the dark river; out of the empty city streets into the country white with snow. On and on, with little rest for two days and more, toiling through the sleety, sloppy roads; snatching a bit of rest here and there; suddenly back to great,

roaring London, hot on the scent now, and fetching up on foot at last at the grim gate of the terrible paupers' graveyard where my father was buried. And there on the steps, with one arm creeping around a bar of the gate as if to embrace it, lay my mother, cold and dead.

. . . . . .

But sunshine came again, as it always comes to the young and hopeful. My dear guardian brought it the sooner. I had promised him that I would be mistress of Bleak House some day. He had been kind; I was grateful. I thought Allan Woodcourt, who had been absent from England, had grown away from me. Returning, he had spoken too late. Ah, dear guardian, how did you know, and why did you take me down into Yorkshire so soon to show me a pretty, rustic doll's house of a cottage on pretext of getting my opinion of it as a residence for Doctor Woodcourt, who was to settle in those parts? And "Bleak House"? Yes, that was the name over the cottage door. And on that beautiful day you, my generous, self-sacrificing guardian, gave it to me and me to Allan Woodcourt. Thus was I made the happy mistress of Bleak House.

Happy in the knowledge that widowed Ada with her boy was to live at the older Bleak House always. Happy to learn at last that Jarndyce and Jarndyce was devoured by its own costs and that its curse was laid for evermore.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

HAWTHORNE

SOON after the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne moved to Lenox, Massachusetts, where he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables." There has always been more or less discussion as to which house in Salem was pictured in this story, some persons claiming one, some another.

It has become somewhat of an accepted fact that the house on Turner Street, now kept as a memorial, is the original house of the story. It was purchased by Miss Emerton of Salem, and during the work of restoration there were found two more gables than at first appeared; these were uncovered, so that now, at least, it is a house of seven gables.

Some years ago it was stated that Hawthorne himself, when asked about it, claimed that he had no particular house in mind when writing the story, but made a composite picture of several.

Hawthorne went back to Concord, going on with his literary work and publishing "Tanglewood Tales," also a "Life of Franklin Pierce"; during this period the author lived at "Wayside."

The writings of Hawthorne show a subtle imagination and a curious power of analysis. Besides

great mental traits, he possessed the literary quality of style, a grace and charm, a perfection of language, which no other American writer possessed in the same degree, and which places Hawthorne among the great masters of English prose. His friend and college-mate, Longfellow, in reviewing "Twice Told Tales," said that "it came from the hand of a genius," and praised it for its style, which, he said, "was as clear as running water."

While Hawthorne lacked the accomplishment of verse, he was in the highest sense a poet.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by
JOSEPHINE VAN TASSEL BRUORTON

OF your courtesy, I beg you to call this tale a Romance, rather than a Novel; for it makes attempt to connect a bygone time with the present that is even now drifting away from us. It is a legend, bringing with it the Mist of the Past floating round each character and event—even round the old house itself.

Sometimes it drifts aside and you catch a glimpse of older days—days when Colonel Pyncheon, out of pure covetousness, despoiled old Wizard Maule of his house and little plot of land—days when Maule cursed the colonel for his sins and foretold, "God would give him blood to drink!"—days when Thomas Maule, son of the Wizard, built for

Colonel Pyncheon, over his father's very threshold, the House of the Seven Gables.

On the day when Hepzibah Pyncheon trod her pride underfoot and opened the little cent-shop, built in the front gable of the old house, there were but few of the Pyncheon blood left. Judge Pyncheon, his son (who died abroad and enters not into this tale), Hepzibah and her brother Clifford, little Phœbe Pyncheon (who had come for a long visit) and a few cousins, were all. The race of Maule was supposed extinct—at least there were none known.

Long since Hester had let one of the gables to a daguerrotypist named Holgrave; and none others were in the old house save herself and Clifford (now pardoned out after serving sentence for the supposed murder of an uncle), and little Phœbe.

Judge Pyncheon was the great man of the town, but, despite his ever-ready smile and studied benevolence, he was not greatly liked. Hepzibah shrank away from him and Clifford shrieked when he would have forced his way in to see him.

Hepzibah and Clifford scarce left the house even for the garden; but Phœbe and young Holgrave met there often, and the kindly

Mist made itself thin between them till they saw each other clear and their hearts drew close and love came to them—but so softly and sweetly they knew it not for love, but called it by that other sweet name—friendship.

Then Phœbe must needs go home—and with her went all the sunshine; and the Mist drifted back—and all the scant happiness that had come with her to Hepzibah and Clifford for a little, fled away.

When she had gone, the judge became even more determined to see Clifford.

"Cousin Hepzibah," he begged, with his most benevolent smile, "let me see Clifford."

"You cannot," said Hepzibah. "Since yesterday he hath kept his bed."

"What?" cried the judge. "Is he ill? Then I must and will see him. There is none who would so delight to promote his happiness and well-being. I beg of you to let me see him, Hepzibah."

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Hepzibah, her anger overcoming her fear, "give over, I beseech you, this loathsome pretense of affection for your victim. You let him go to prison under false accusation. You hate him! Say so, like a man! At this moment

you cherish some black purpose against him in your heart! Speak it out! But never speak again of your love for my poor brother."

The judge's benevolent countenance became hard.

"Cousin Hepzibah," he said, "it is my fixed purpose to see Clifford before I leave this house. I will give you my reason. Of my uncle's estate, which I inherited, not one-third was apparent when he died. Clifford can give me a clue to the recovery of the remainder. It is as certain as that I stand here!"

"And what if he refuse?"

"My dear cousin," smiled the judge, blandly, "the alternative is his confinement for the remainder of his life in a public asylum for the insane."

"You cannot mean it!" cried Hester; but the judge only shrugged his shoulders and said: "Time flies. Bid Clifford come to me." And Hester turned and went slowly up the stair and knocked at her brother's door, and called. None answered. After long waiting, she knocked again; then she undid the door and entered—the chamber was empty.

Back she ran down the stair, calling frantically:

"Clifford is gone! Help, Jaffrey Pyncheon! Some harm will come to him!" She ran through the hall, calling and searching for him. When she approached the parlor door again Clifford stood in the door, coming from within. He pointed his finger back into the room.

"Come, Hepzibah!" he cried, with a wild gesture. "The weight is gone from us! We can sing and laugh now. Aye, we can be as light-hearted as little Phœbe herself."

Horror-stricken at his looks and motions, Hepzibah slipped past him into the parlor. Almost immediately she returned, a cry choking in her throat.

"My God!" she cried. "What will become of us!"

"Come with me!" cried Clifford, still with that wild gaiety. "Put on your cloak and hood, take your purse with money in it, and come!"

Still with that wild gaiety so foreign to him, Clifford led the way, first to the depot, where he made her take the train. When they left it at an out-of-the-way station, still leading, he drifted away with her into the cold, sullen Mist.

With the day came many people to the

cent-shop, but none gained admittance; but when Phœbe came the garden door opened for her. A hand clasped hers and she was led into the disused reception-room. The sun streamed in through the uncurtained windows and she saw her companion was Holgrave.

He told her the judge was dead—in the same manner as his ancestor, "To whom God had given blood to drink!" He convinced her that the uncle, for whose supposed murder Clifford had suffered for thirty years, had died in the same fashion.

"We must not hide it a moment longer!" cried Phœbe. "Clifford is innocent! God will make it manifest! Let us throw the door wide and call the neighbors to see the truth."

"Wait!" begged Holgrave. "Phœbe, in all our lives there can never be another moment like this. Is it all terror? Are you conscious of no joy, as I am, that has made this the only point of life worth living for?"

"It seems a sin," faltered Phœbe, "to speak of joy at such a time."

"Phœbe," cried Holgrave, "before you came my past was lonely and dreary, my future seemed a shapeless gloom. With you

came hope, warmth, and joy. I love you, Phœbe. Do you love me?"

"Look into my heart," said Phœbe, dropping her eyes. "You know I love you."

At that moment, the mingled voices of Hepzibah and Clifford came to them. Phœbe and her lover went to meet them. Hepzibah, when she saw them, burst into tears; Clifford smiled and murmured that the rose of Eden had bloomed in the old house at last.

By the death of Judge Pyncheon, Hepzibah, Clifford, and Phœbe became rich. They decided to live at the judge's country-place. At the very moment of departure, through Clifford's troubled mind drifted a recollection of the time when, a mere boy, he had discovered the secret spring which caused the portrait of the colonel (before which they stood) to swing forward, disclosing a recess wherein were important papers. But he had forgotten the secret of the spring.

"Perhaps I can recall it," said Holgrave, and touched the spring.

It was much rusted, and, therefore, when released, the portrait tumbled to the floor. There was the recess, and there the title-deeds to vast Indian lands—old Jaffrey Pyncheon's missing property.

"But how came you to know the secret of the spring?" Phœbe asked of Holgrave, apart.

"My dearest Phœbe," smiled Holgrave, "how will it please you to take the name of Maule? This secret is the only inheritance that has come down to me from that ancestor. When Thomas, son of Wizard Maule, built this house he took the opportunity to construct this recess and hide away those title-deeds. I would have told you all this before, but I feared to frighten you."

Phœbe's smile forgave him, and as their carriage rolled away, the old House of the Seven Gables, freed from its burden of secret and curse, smiled after them brightly as the Mist lifted and fled away.

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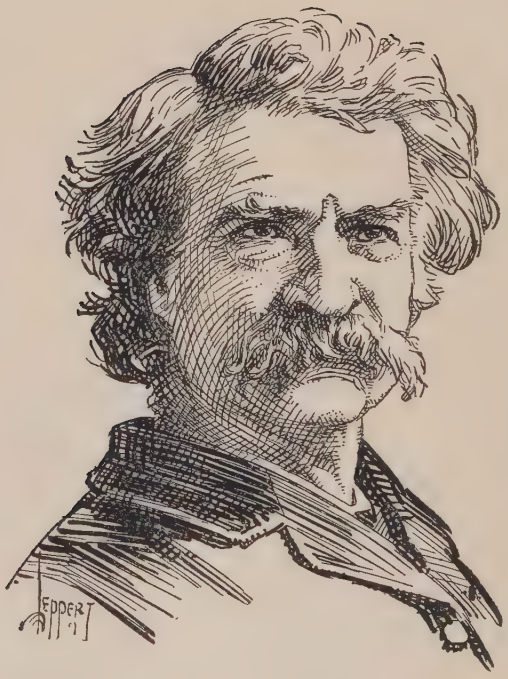

MARK TWAIN

TWAIN

"I AM sorry to know you are smoking so much, Mr. Clemens," remarked a lady in Mark Twain's early days. "This is the second time within the week I have seen you with a box of cigars under your arm."

"Don't be disturbed, dear madam," replied Mark, in a confidential tone, "I'm just moving again."

With characteristic humor Samuel Langhorne Clemens indicated the vicissitudes of his early days. He was born in Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835. The common schools gave him all the formal education he got. He became an expert compositor, wherein he resembled William Dean Howells, with whom he later became linked in a lifelong friendship of deep attachment. In 1851 he became a Mississippi pilot, where he picked up his pen-name from the soundings of the river. He started in to fight for the Confederacy, later drifted to reporting, turned to mining in California, when he made Calaveras County famous by the well-known "Jumping Frog," moved on to the Sandwich Islands, and then made the trip to Europe which resulted in

"Innocents Abroad" (1869). In 1871 he married Olivia L. Langdon, and made Hartford his home for many years afterward. "Roughing It," "The Gilded Age" (in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner), "Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson," were some of the various books which kept Americans and Europeans laughing for many years. The failure of the publishing venture in which he had engaged led him to repeat the chivalric deed of Sir Walter Scott in repaying debts for which he held his honor responsible; a splendid failure!

Despite the picturesque and never-failing humor of Mark Twain, he had a deep vein of seriousness. In "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" he has described a phase of American life which will become a permanent part of American literature.

He died April 21, 1910.

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON

By MARK TWAIN

Condensation by
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DAWSON'S LANDING, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, in 1830, was a modest village with few claims to distinction. Conspicuous among her first citizens was York Leicester Driscoll, forty years of age, judge of the county court, of unblemished Virginia stock, unhappily childless, and esteemed by everybody that knew him. Another citizen of repute was Col. Cecil Burleigh Essex, who, except for one important particular later disclosed, has nothing to do with this story. Resident here also was a certain Percy Northumberland Driscoll, brother to the judge, married, and a prosperous owner of slaves, among whom was a likely wench of twenty, Roxana by name, into whose home on the first day of February, 1830, two boy babies were born.

One of these, christened Tom, was the son of Percy Northumberland. The other, tagged with the name of Valet de Chambre, or "Chambers" for short, was the son of the slave girl Roxana, by a father at first unknown, but later revealed to be Colonel Essex. Within a week of the birth of Driscoll's son the mother died, and in the natural course of events both boys were intrusted to the maternal care of the slave mother.

About the same time into this quiet community came one David Wilson, hopefully anticipating a successful legal career, a hope blasted in the borning, since a gift of irony, one of David's most tangible assets, fell upon ears so literal as to be unappreciative and suspicious of humor.

"I wish I owned half of that dog," said David one morning, when a snarling yellow cur disturbed him.

"Why?" asked somebody.

"Because then I would kill my half!" replied David.

His hearers fell away from him in alarm. How could a man kill half of a dog without killing the other half also? Surely this man must be out of his mind.

"A lummox," said one.

"A perfect jackass," said another.

"He's a pudd'nhead, that's what he is!" said a third.

And from that day forward "Pudd'nhead Wilson" he was.

Now Pudd'nhead had two fads—palmistry and finger-prints. The first he occasionally practised, lacking clients to practise law upon, and the second he collected with great assiduity. No man, woman, or child ever entered the circle of Pudd'nhead's acquaintance without leaving a finger-print, or his thumb-mark, behind, and all of these were carefully named, recorded, dated, and filed. Thus it happened that one day came Roxana and her two charges, Tom, the son of Driscoll, and Chambers, the son of herself and another. As like as two peas were the babies, in color, size, and lineaments—so like that save to a mother's eyes they were indistinguishable, and the finger-prints of all were taken, labeled, dated, and added to the collection of Pudd'nhead Wilson.

What more natural than that the likeness of the two infants—Tom's own father could not tell him from the slave baby—should suggest to a mother's heart an interchange of the children by which the slave should be-

come the master and the master the slave, especially when that heart was constantly oppressed by the fear that when her babe grew to manhood he might be "sold down the river," that ever-present tormenting dread of the slave of the upper waters? What more natural that, there being no chance of detection, Roxana, for love of her son, should yield to that temptation and forthwith turn Chambers into Tom and Tom into Chambers by a simple interchange of garments, these being the only outward and visible signs by which the boys were differentiated, anyhow? It was in this manner that it came to be the proud offspring of the house of Driscoll grew into the slave boy Chambers, abused and neglected, and that the seemingly white child of a negro slave and an unknown father became the scion of a family of unblemished lineage.

But a mere change of clothes and condition does not penetrate far below the surface. A silken gown cannot alter the currents of a shoddy soul, and while externally the spurious heir was all F. F. V., internally he was negro. After a few years, never having discovered the deception practised upon him by Roxana, Percy Driscoll died, penniless,

but his brother, the judge, his prayer for children of his own denied, adopted the supposititious Tom and made the boy his heir. He sent him to college. He gave him every advantage that an affectionate father could have given a boy of his own, but the raw material which was the real Tom was poor, and the soil unfruitful. The boy acquired a taste for dissipation for which the simple life of Dawson's Landing offered no assuagements. He plunged into the gay whirl of St. Louis, garnering nothing but disgraceful gambling debts. Worst of all, he was at heart a snob, abused the real heir now become his slave, and acquired a profound detestation for his ancient nurse Roxana, of whose real relation to him he was unaware, until, goaded to intense resentment by his contemptuous and brutal treatment, she acquainted him with the terrible facts of his birth and ancestry, and demanded that he treat her as a mother on penalty of exposure.

The revelation prostrated the impostor for a brief period, but failed to spur him on to better behavior. He went from bad to worse, stooping even to housebreaking in order to obtain funds to pay his gambling debts. In his mother's power, and she not

at all disinclined to blackmail, he was driven to all sorts of expedients to satisfy his own and her demands. But through it all he managed to maintain an outward appearance of superiority that enabled him to dazzle his inferiors and deceive his equals. The judge's love for the boy blinded him to the lad's evil character, but once he nearly disinherited him on the score of cowardice. A pair of mysterious Italian twins settled at Dawson's Landing, and at a public meeting, Tom having provoked him to action by his insolence, Luigi, the stronger of the two, had kicked the scion of the House of Driscoll off the stage into the audience, the stain of which insult a real F. F. V. would have wiped out upon the field of honor, but for which the cowardice of Tom found ample satisfaction in the police court, which proceeding so outraged the good judge that for the honor of his family he personally fought a duel with the offending Italian, wounding him and thus laying the foundations for much future trouble.

Came now the supreme touches in the career of the spurious Tom. For the payment of newly acquired gambling debts, with Roxana's consent, Tom sold his own mother back into the slavery from which at Dris-

coll's death she had been freed, but in violation of his promises he sold her "down the river," a crime that reacted upon his unfilial head when the resourceful Roxana escaped and, under threat of exposure of his real status in life, required him to indemnify her new master lest she be apprehended and returned to him. Having no other resources, Tom resolved upon the robbery of his benefactor, the judge, in the fulfilment of which venture he murdered him, his weapon being an Oriental knife of unusual design which he had stolen from Luigi, the Italian, in one of his theft-raids.

The murder of Judge Driscoll brought great excitement to Dawson's Landing and the Italian twins narrowly escaped lynching for the crime. The evidence was clearly against them. They were confessedly the owners of the gem-studded, ivory-handled knife with which the crime had been committed. What was worse, they had been found standing beside the body when the neighbors rushed in, having come to the judge's aid at his cry for help. Moreover, there was the clear motive of revenge growing out of the duel which Luigi had fought with the judge. The whole community adjudged

them guilty—all but Pudd'nhead Wilson, who volunteered to defend them in court, a poor reliance, since they were his first and only clients. But Pudd'nhead was unafraid. The evidence against them was most con-vincing, but—

There were finger-prints upon the knife-handle, and they were not the finger-prints of the accused!

Whose finger-prints were they?

Tom, secure in his sense of safety because of the overwhelming evidence against the twins, ventured to taunt Pudd'nhead upon his confidence in winning his case. He entered his study, and, sitting himself at Pudd'nhead's side while he studied the prints in his collection, he picked up one of the records.

"Why, here's old Roxy's label," he said, contemptuously. "Nigger paws, eh? There's a line across her thumb-print. Now how comes that?"

Pudd'nhead, taking the glass from Tom's hand, held it up to the lamp. The blood sank suddenly out of his face. He gazed at the polished surface with the glassy stare of a corpse. *The mystery was solved!*

Tom's thumb-print standing clearly out-

lined before him on the glass and that on the handle of the blood-stained knife were identified.

"To the minutest detail," said the foreman of the jury, as he returned a verdict of murder against the unhappy lad.

The twins were acquitted, the defrauded heir lifted up out of slavery and restored to his inheritance, and Tom, forever branded as an impostor, was "sold down the river" for the benefit of the creditors of the late Percy Northumberland Driscoll.

Which, all things considered, was not a strange fate, for, as Pudd'nhead Wilson himself has said in his famous calendar, "a cauliflower, after all, is nothing but a cabbage with a college education."

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STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON had "the most speaking of presences: a steady, penetrating fire in the wide-set eyes, a compelling power and sweetness in the smile; courteous waving gestures of the long, nervous hands, a lit cigarette generally held between his fingers." His conversation was incomparably brilliant, yet he did not dominate the talk; "rather he helped every one about him to discover unexpected powers of their own."

Henley says "he radiates talk as the sun does light and heat." Colvin compares his warm humanity to the steady flame at heart of a great driftwood fire, while his flashing humor was like the myriad colored flames.

Stevenson had, moreover, the most sterling sense of duty and of justice to do what service we can, for honor and not for hire.

He was eager to risk his life at the time of the agrarian troubles in Ireland and again in Samoa; he was threatened with deportation for his activities in behalf of the natives. His loyalty is best expressed in a letter to Barrie about their beloved Scotland, "Singular that I should live here in the

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

South Seas under conditions so new and so striking, and yet my imagination so continually inhabit that cold old huddle of gray hills."

But above all he was temperamentally a poet. From childhood it was his

> *To hear*
> *The great bell beating far and near—*
> *The odd, unknown, enchanted gong*
> *That on the road hales men along,*
> *That from the mountain calls afar,*
> *That lures the vessel from a star,*
> *And with a still, aerial sound*
> *Makes all the earth enchanted ground.*

TREASURE ISLAND

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Condensation by
ALICE G. GROZIER

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, Doctor Livesey, and the others have bidden me tell the story of our search for old Buccaneer Flint's hidden treasure, and so I go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow inn. Then it was that the seaman, Bill Bones, came to us for lodging, his sea-chest following after in a handbarrow.

At his request we called him "Captain"; he settled down, always on the watch for a "seaman with one leg," and constantly singing an old sea-song:

> Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
> Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Then one day an old blind man left him the pirate's "summons" or "black spot,"

which so excited him that, combined with the effect of his rum-drinking, it brought on a stroke and we found him dead upon the floor.

Mother and I opened his sea-chest, where I discovered a packet done up in oil-silk; this I took with me, and as soon as I could went to the doctor's house, where I found him with the squire.

To them I told the story of the happenings at the inn and gave them the packet.

"You have heard of Flint, I suppose?" laughed the doctor, as he handled the packet.

"Heard of him!" said the squire. "Heard of him you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that ever sailed! If we have here the clue to old Flint's treasure, as you seem to think, then I'll fit out a ship in Bristol, take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year!"

When they opened the packet there fell out the map of an island, with every particular needed to bring a ship to safe anchorage on its shore, and full directions for finding the treasure.

"To-morrow," said the squire, "I start for Bristol; in two weeks—yes in ten days, we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest

crew in England. You shall be ship's doctor, Livesey, Jim cabin-boy, and I am admiral."

But it was longer than the squire expected ere we were ready for sea. In the mean time I went to Bristol also, and while looking over the ship and around the dock I discovered that our cook was a seaman with one leg. He was very domineering with the crew, but servile and smiling to the rest.

I began to have my suspicions, but he was so deep and clever that my doubts of "Long John Silver" were soon quieted.

We settled aboard our ship the *Hispaniola*, with Captain Smollet in command; then one morning, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe and the crew began to man the capstan bars.

"Now Barbecue, tip us a stave," cried a voice.

"The old one," cried another.

"Ay, ay, mates," said Long John, who was standing by with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke into the air and words I knew so well: "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest"—the crew coming in on the chorus; and then we were off on our cruise for the treasure.

At sundown one evening, I went to the apple-barrel for an apple, and, finding them low, I got into the barrel bodily and, being rather sleepy, sat there awhile in the dark; soon a heavy man sat down with a crash near by. I was about to jump out when I heard John Silver's voice and kept very still. Before he had said a dozen words I knew that all honest men aboard were in great danger.

Well, I made the discovery that Long John and most of the crew were old shipmates of Bill Bones and John Flint; they knew the object of our voyage and were planning to do away with our party and get the treasure for themselves.

A moment more and the lookout shouted "Land ho!" and we anchored at "Captain Kidd's anchorage," according to the chart. I told the doctor and the squire what I had heard, and they had the captain send the crew ashore, so that we might have an opportunity to talk matters over.

It was decided that we must go on, and we counted those we could trust, only to find that we were but six against nineteen.

The next morning it was plain that mutiny hung over us like a thunder-cloud. Captain

Smollet thought it best to give the crew shore leave, and a party was made up, including Silver. Some of the men, however, remained aboard. I suddenly took it into my head to go ashore, too, and slipped unseen over the side and into the forward sheets of the nearest boat: as soon as the bow struck among the shore-side trees, I caught a branch and swung ashore, making off into the near-by thicket.

I cannot tell all the details of the voyage; they were many and exciting, but one or two happenings I must tell.

While wandering about in the thicket I came upon a wild-looking man who said he was a seaman, Ben Gunn, marooned on the island three years before. I got his story and he ours; he was a great help to us, as you shall see.

In the mean time our party had abandoned the ship and taken up the fight ashore. I had a notion to get out to the ship, cut her adrift, and let her go ashore where she would, and so prevent the mutineers from sailing away in her; and remembering Ben Gunn's mention of a coracle which he had made and put in hiding, I set out to find it. Being successful, I made my way to the ship and,

laying hold of her hawser, was about to finish cutting her loose when I heard voices from the cabin; one I recognized as that of the coxswain, Israel Hands, the other was a sailor whose name I did not know. Both were drunk, and when I got a look at them through the cabin window I saw that they were in a death's grip.

The strong current had by this parted the last strand of the hawser which I had left, and both coracle and ship were adrift; with a leap I caught at the jib-boom, and clung, panting, left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

When I got aft I found the sailor dead, and Hands in a sad condition. He was friendly enough while helpless, but as he grew stronger he asserted himself and issued orders, which I obeyed until the ship was round in a low wooded north inlet.

The excitement of the last maneuvers had interfered with my watch upon the coxswain, but something caused me to turn my head, when I saw the fellow half-way toward me, his dirk in his hand; he chased me around the deck, trying to corner me; quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds and rattled up hand over hand into the

cross-trees; none too soon, the dirk had struck not a foot below me as I climbed.

Now I primed my pistols and reloaded, and Hands, seeing this, knew that the dice were against him; in spite of this he started up after me. "One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out!" I saw his right hand go up over his shoulder, something sang like an arrow through the air, and I was pinned to the mast; both my pistols went off and escaped from my hands, but they did not fall alone; with a choking cry the coxswain loosed his grasp and plunged down head first, and I saw him through the clear water lying on the sand beneath.

I found that I was held simply by the skin of my arm, and, pulling myself free, I finally got ashore and with difficulty reached my friends. They had had some fierce battling with the mutineers, but in the end a flag of truce appeared and Silver came forward to bargain. The doctor, much to the surprise of all, gave him the chart; but this was explained later, for when they dug for the treasure and reached the bottom of the cache, nothing was found but a broken pick and a board with the word "Walrus" burnt into it—the name of Flint's ship!

Ben Gunn was the real hero. Early in his stay on the island he had come upon the treasure, and with great difficulty transported it to a cave and hidden it; seven hundred thousand pounds in minted money of all nations, besides heavy bars of gold.

The doctor had wormed the secret out of Ben Gunn and then arranged to give the chart to Silver, knowing that the cache was empty.

We piled the treasure aboard the ship, set sail, and finally reached a port on the Mexican coast, where we added to our crew.

After a good voyage we reached home just as friends of the squire were about starting out in search of the *Hispaniola.*

CHURCHILL

IF Winston Churchill did not succeed in his attempt to become Governor of New Hampshire, he has had a far different result in his appeal to the suffrage of American readers. His books have appealed to the public in increasing numbers as the years have gone by, beginning with "The Celebrity" in 1898, and "Richard Carvel" in 1899. He later laid a firm foundation for the favor he has enjoyed in "The Crisis" (1901) and "The Crossing" (1904). "Coniston" (1906), "Mr. Crewe's Career" (1908), "A Modern Chronicle" (1910), "The Inside of the Cup" (1913), "A Far Country" (1915), "The Dwelling Place of Light" (1917), show his continued activity.

The universities have shown the approval of his honest purpose and growing power by giving him an honorary A.M., Litt.D., and an LL.D. He has a beautiful summer home at the colony of artists and folk of letters at Windsor, Vermont, or Cornish, New Hampshire (where you are in one town if you go to the railroad station, the other if you visit the post-office). There President Wilson spent one of his sadly interrupted vacations in the author's house, Harlakenden Hall.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE CRISIS

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

Condensation by
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

THE scene is laid chiefly in St. Louis between 1857 and 1865.

Stephen Brice, of the Brahmin class of Boston, after his father's business failure and death, came with his mother to St. Louis, there to study and practise law in the office of his father's friend, Judge Silas Whipple.

Virginia Carvel, the only child of Col. Comyn Carvel, was beautiful and distinguished. The colonel was of an old Maryland family. He was the leading dry-goods merchant of St. Louis and a veteran of the Mexican War.

Judge Whipple was taciturn and abrupt. He concealed a generous heart under a forbidding exterior. He slept in his office. He was a "black" Republican. He secured clients because they needed his professional

ability. He took Sunday dinner at Colonel Carvel's, where the discussion over slavery in Virginia's hearing went on with a plainness of speech that only the lifelong friendship of the two men could have made possible. Colonel Carvel was the highest type of a Southern gentleman.

Mrs. Brice, Stephen's mother, bore her reduced fortune with dignity and with high hope in her son's future and a spirit of sacrifice in his interest.

Eliphalet Hopper was a New-Englander in Colonel Carvel's employ. Industrious and saving, he was unscrupulous and mean, valuing only financial success and cherishing jealousy of others' good fortune.

Clarence Colfax, the son of a rich widow, was Virginia's cousin. He ran race-horses, he fought game-cocks. He had "a commanding indolence." He believed society based on slavery was divinely appointed. Masterful, courageous, adventurous, athletic, and handsome, he was a true cavalier, useless except for war.

The events of the story sport with the natural antagonism, in tradition and convictions, of the Puritan Stephen Brice and the lady of the Cavaliers, Virginia Carvel.

They met first at a slave-market. A beautiful quadroon is put up for sale. With all his savings of nine hundred dollars Brice determines to buy the girl from a life of shame with an intending bidder and then free her. Virginia, through Colfax, also bids for the girl to use her as a maid. Brice, in sympathy for the pleading mother of the slave, persists in his purpose and, to Virginia's great disgust, outbids the other two and manumits the girl.

Soon after, on her father's insistence, Virginia protestingly invites Brice to her first party. She snubs him, but finally dances with him. They meet again at a fancy-dress party in which she appears in the costume of her Colonial great-grandmother, and he in that of his grandfather, a Revolutionary colonel. She had only gone on the assurance he would not be there. His appearance prevents her giving way to the wooing of Clarence Colfax.

They meet again at the country-place of the Carvels, where Judge Whipple is convalescent, and there measure each other in discussion. Through Judge Whipple and her girl friends news of Brice is constantly thrust on her.

Silas Whipple knew and felt Lincoln's greatness and leadership. Whipple noted Brice's ability and high qualities, but regretted his Boston narrowness. He sought to broaden him by subjecting him to Lincoln's personality. Under pretense of a business errand, he asked Lincoln to let the young man hear his debate at Freeport with Douglas. Brice was with Lincoln the night before in a tavern, where, hatless, coatless, vestless, he discussed the wisdom of asking Douglas the great question, the answer to which made Douglas Senator and Lincoln President. Lincoln's limpid intellectual honesty, his pure logic, his lucidity of soul and purpose, impress themselves on young Brice and profoundly affect his point of view.

Missouri was saved for the Union by Frank Blair and Nathaniel Lyon. Under their leadership the Germans of St. Louis captured a camp of the golden youth of St. Louis mobilizing as Confederates. Colfax was among those taken, but refused a parole and escaped to the Southern army. These disturbing events brought Brice and Virginia together again. He sought to render the Carvels service, which Virginia resented. Mrs. Brice and Virginia, however, soon

became interested in the nursing of wounded soldiers and of Judge Whipple, whom a fatal illness had overtaken. Brice as a lieutenant was in the battle about Vicksburg and found Colfax badly wounded in the captured city. He sent him north to St. Louis, where he was nursed by Virginia. Colfax had distinguished himself by daredevil exploits of great usefulness to his cause. Virginia was enthused by his patriotic devotion to the cause she loved and their engagement was the result. Brice was wounded in the campaigns after Vicksburg and also returned to St. Louis.

The climax of the story comes at the deathbed of Judge Whipple. Colonel Carvel, though in the rebel army, returns to see his daughter. Hearing of Whipple's illness, he visits Whipple's office, where he finds Virginia and Colfax. In the latter's hurried withdrawal to chase a spy who proves to be Eliphalet Hopper, Virginia and Brice, unexpectedly to each, are thrown together. She is surprised into a betrayal and full realization of her interest in him. Hopper eludes Colfax and creeps into Whipple's outer office. By corrupt transactions with Federal quartermasters he has become a

rich man and the real owner of the Carvel business. He finds Virginia alone and threatens, unless she marries him, to betray her father to the Union authorities as a spy. Brice appears, strikes Hopper down, defies him with a counter-threat of prosecution for corruption. This rids the story of Hopper.

Colfax goes South after Virginia has broken their engagement. He is subsequently captured as a spy. Brice identifies him and then intervenes with Sherman to save his life. Meantime, Brice is sent by Sherman to City Point with despatches. There he meets Lincoln again. Lincoln remembers him and invites him to become his aide.

The story closes with the visit of Virginia to Lincoln at the White House, for the pardon of Colfax. Lincoln had heard of the circumstances, sees Virginia, and brings in Brice. After a conversation in which there is revealed to Virginia the constant sorrow of Lincoln's soul and his deep sympathy for the Southern people, he pardons Colfax and leaves Brice and Virginia to that mutual confession of love of which each had long been conscious. They were married at once,

but their honeymoon was darkened with the sudden taking off of the Great American.

The story is well told. The plot is not forced and maintains one's interest to the end. Stephen Brice is almost too perfect. The author speaks feelingly of the anxiety of novelists to avoid this danger. Virginia's character is perhaps better done, because easier to endow with attractive failings. Judge Whipple and Colonel Carvel are admirably drawn.

The story weaves in an accurate and valuable description of the causes of the war and of the kind of people that fought the war. St. Louis, the confluence of the two streams of western immigration from the North and the South, was the place to study the mixing but conflicting elements of our people before the Civil War. It was the author's home. He reveals their faults and their virtues with impartial pen. He maintains the just balance. He avowedly and really takes the Lincoln view of the contest, which, as he truly says, has now become the American view both North and South.

The picture of Lincoln is inspiring. The glimpses of Sherman, Grant, and Lyon are vivid and true to life.

The book is written in a most entertaining style. It is charming and sustained in its interest as a love story. It is a great historical novel.

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THE END

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